

THE CANADIAN FORUM

A Monthly Journal of Literature and Public Affairs



PRICE 25¢ YEARLY 2.00
Published by J.M. Dent and Sons, Limited
Aldine House, 224 Bloor St. W. Toronto.

FEBRUARY 1932

Vol. XII. No. 137

THE HAYNES PRESS

PRINTERS

COMMERCIAL AND
SOCIETY PRINTING
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THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THINGS WROUGHT BY PRAYER

WHEN the history of the Great Depression comes to be written, the chronicler may find sound reason to hail the present period as the opening of a new Age of Faith. No chosen people, groaning under the bitter oppression of their enemies, ever clung more tenaciously to a divine promise of a life of future blessedness than do our hard-headed but somewhat dazed economic leaders to their faith in the miraculous reappearance of boundless prosperity. Mr. Bennett's reiterated demand for trust in Providence is merely an echo of the attitude which characterizes the whole world of business and finance. The abdication to all claim to constructive leadership is, for the moment, utter and complete. It will, of course, reappear in its full glory once Providence has fulfilled its expected function; but at present a prayerful trust in miracles is the sole resource of our captains of industry. It is touching but not very helpful. A course of action based on the familiar statement that God helps those who help themselves would be distinctly more to the point. But all warnings about the type of self-help which is demanded by the situation continue to fall on deaf ears. The reports on the breakdown of the structure of debts and reparations; the warnings concerning the disastrous effects of the present tariff epidemic; the crying need for a rationalization of trade, industry, and finance—these are met by the folded hands of prayer for a new bull market. Nothing could prove more clearly the persistent determination of the dominant class to let ruin take its course rather than surrender a shred of that complete irresponsibility which has led us to our present plight. It is time that the rest of the community dealt with this blind selfishness in a decently intelligent way.

RETARDING RECOVERY

THE indictment against employers and financiers in connection with the present crisis does not stop with their refusal to inaugurate necessary and effective remedies. It carries with it the much more serious charge of deliberately aggravating the situation by measures calculated to advance their own immediate interests at the expense of the community as a whole. The

demand for wage cuts, which is always pressed at such a time, is one outstanding example. The contradiction between the demand that we should all spend with increasing freedom and the determined efforts to reduce the spending power of the average man has not for an instant prevented employers from pursuing both courses simultaneously. Yet clearly such measures can only retard recovery. It is not sufficient to claim that the money will be of equal service when dispensed by stockholders. In the first place, a larger amount is in this case likely to lie idle; in the second place, it is the surplus spending power of the wage-earner and the salaried man—the bulk of the population—which is the foundation of prosperity. Nor is the argument of a reduced cost of living valid, except on the assumption that the worker has already achieved an equality with capital in sharing the products of industry—a contention which is still open to some doubt. But even more pernicious than wage slashing is the way in which many firms have attempted to reduce their overhead by deliberate under-staffing. In many cases the trouble is, not that there is not work for more hands, but that the employers have used the fear of dismissal in order to get an increased amount of work out of a smaller number of employees. No retribution that could be brought on such a policy could possibly be called undeserved.

SOFT HEARTS AND HARD HEADS

ANYONE who talks to the average business man about the present unemployment situation will find him in a curious and rather pathetic state of mental confusion. He is torn unhappily between a desire to help the unfortunates and a deadly fear of being duped. On the one hand are his generous contributions to charity and relief through recognized agencies, and even cases of more than generosity in direct help—often to the limit of his means—to individual sufferers. On the other hand is the plethora of stories concerning the undeserving cases who, by one device or another, have sought to exploit that spirit of generosity for their own advantage. Between the two, the prosperous citizen finds himself in a state of real perturbation, and his effort to reconcile soft-heartedness with hard-headedness is apt to result in a strain for which neither his heart nor his head is adequate. Yet it never

seems to strike him that such a dilemma is inseparable from the haphazard system of private charity which is almost our sole resource in crises like the present; a system which, in spite of its high motives and its actual accomplishments, will always remain wasteful, cruel, and unjust. And even when such considerations are placed before him, he will immediately repudiate them if it is suggested that the alternative is a decently organized system of insurance based on taxation. His sympathy is sincere, but it will not carry him to the point of surrendering either a small but regular portion of his income or a slight fraction of his personal independence at the bidding of the state, even for the sake of assuring a result which he himself earnestly desires to achieve. Which is simply one more disheartening feature of our complex human nature.

INDIA

WHEN the second Indian Round Table Conference began in London it looked as if a practicable compromise was in sight by which a federated India would attain real self-government with certain safeguards to protect English and minority rights. But the stubbornness of Hindus and Moslems about their relative position in the new India produced a complete deadlock, which the English government either could not or would not break. That certain powerful groups in England, who are now strongly represented in the 'national' government, welcomed the deadlock with enthusiasm has been only too obvious. And so another of the great purposes for which Mr. MacDonald deserted his party results in frustration. The Conference having failed, India appears likely to drift into the anarchy which will inevitably follow from a trial of strength between the viceroy and the nationalists. Lord Willingdon, whose four years of decorative inactivity in Canada must have stored up in him a fearful amount of impatient energy, is now proceeding to give us an object lesson in 'strong government.' We can look forward to witnessing a series of outrages on both sides such as happened in a similar era in Ireland after the War. And finally when enough blood has been shed to sicken everybody, England will retire from India, as she did from Ireland in 1921, in disgrace. Such is our twentieth-century Imperial statesmanship.

UPWARD AND ONWARD

FOR the use of the future Canadian Flexner we print these two notes on the progress of higher education in Ontario. (1) On Dec. 10, 1931, Professor Margaret Keyes (as reported in the *Toronto Star*), who teaches secretarial science at the University of Western Ontario, addressed her class on the qualities of the ideal private secretary. 'She must blend her personality with the humdrum of industry. Also she must be able to brighten the monotony of her boss' life. . . If the board of directors are meeting the perfect secretary should look her very best. . . A private secretary does not powder her nose nor pat her hair continuously. One application in the

morning and one in the afternoon should be sufficient. . . ' (2) On Jan. 11, 1932, Mr. W. J. Dunlop, Director of the Extension Department, University of Toronto, speaking to the National Shoe Retailers' Convention (as reported in the *Toronto Globe*), 'made out an interesting case for more education in the shoe business, supplementing the remarks of the previous speaker favouring service as the key to progress.' 'If there is something that the University can do,' he said, 'for the shoe retailers of the Province or the Dominion, we shall be glad indeed to cooperate with you.'

PERSECUTION OF MARRIED WOMEN

THE attempt to divorce married women from their jobs proceeds apace, and even Local Councils of Women have given this policy their official blessing. Do they not realize that, vote or no vote, as long as women remain in economic subjection, all talk of sex equality is just so much hot air? The argument is hard times and unemployment. But then it should be considered a patriotic duty for everyone who has a private income to cease work. Which is absurd, for surely it is especially at a time of crisis that efficiency is the one thing we need. The real basis of this unfair discrimination is, of course, the old belief that woman's place is in the home. But for that, the whole thing is utterly pointless. It should, however, be obvious that to start by giving a woman equal education and technical training, and then to refuse to give her a chance to work when married, is not likely to make marriage more attractive to any woman of spirit and culture, and will inevitably make a very important section of the community unsettled and dissatisfied. Clearly only the less well paid posts can thus be prohibited. In many cases, when the wife loses her job, the maid loses hers, and nothing is gained. But perhaps the most dangerous feature of this practice is that where marriage—salaries and wages being what they are—is now difficult, it will become impossible, before middle age. Can it be that our moralists are so short-sighted as to remain unperturbed by this prospect?

DISARMAMENT PROSPECTS

THE croaker has his place in society. He may belong to that class—an increasingly numerous one—which holds that things in general will have to get much worse before our whole system can be reorganized on something approaching a reasonable basis. Yet even the worst calamity-howler, however rational the cause of his pessimism, can hardly view with anything but alarm the abnormally tense international atmosphere in which the delegates of the nations are scheduled to put forward proposals for Disarmament during the present month. Previous Preparatory Commissions have broken up in futility with the international scene far more smiling than it is today. Briefly, what is the situation? The prestige of the League of Nations, the convenor of the Conference, is at a low ebb, thanks to its obvious impotence in the face of the Manchurian situation. Two important members of

that League are in a virtual state of war with one another. Though the press is discreetly silent on the subject, the relations between Great Britain and the United States have been seriously impaired by the reluctance of London to stand beside Washington in the latter's efforts to hold Japan to her treaty obligations. The German repudiation of reparations revives talk of military occupation of the Ruhr valley and the Rhine Provinces in many of the less extreme organs of the French press. Italy and France have failed repeatedly to come to any preliminary agreement on the subject of their respective naval armaments. Great Britain is on the threshold of a serious tariff war with her century-long customers, the Continental nations. The Little Entente. . . Soviet Russia. . . Hungary . . . but why continue this catalogue of despair. If the Disarmament Conference of February, 1932, accomplishes anything at all then the age of miracles is at hand.

BUY BRITISH

THE general election in Great Britain was only the first symptom of a mania that is developing rapidly into the worst case of economic nationalism which has yet struck any country in the post-war period. The *Buy British* campaign unleashed by the Empire Marketing Board has now become the dominant note in Britain's present hysteria. Every plate-glass window in Oxford Street carries its Union Jack poster or *Buy British* slogan. Patriots with skis trapse up to Scotland despite a pathetic absence of snow, and the visit of the merest peer of the realm to Bognor Regis or to the British Riviera is headlined in the press. The unfortunate Yvettes and Yvonnees who sell hats and dresses are rapidly changing to Sallys and Mary Janes in order to avoid the inevitable boycott. Even the B.B.C. has been advised by the Government to 'play British' and replace the foreign products of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven by the home-grown masterpieces of Sullivan and Elgar. The general madness which has descended upon Britain can only be compared in its intensity, coerciveness, and absurdity with that which prevailed during the war.

SKI-ER AT NIGHT

Cold night,
Pale moon,
Swift snow,
And from above
Comes a dark shape,
Now flitting like a wraith,
Now gliding straight and true,
Its feet obscured
By tiny silver particles
Spraying outward.
One final swoop
Then halt. And lo,
It is a man.

ROSS JAMES

THE LEAGUE AND MANCHURIA

J. L. GARVIN, writing in a recent number of *The Observer*, congratulates the League of Nations, and incidentally Great Britain, on the general policy adopted by the Council in dealing with the Manchurian Crisis. In view of this, and of similar opinions held in other quarters, including Canada, it is interesting to examine the whole matter in the light of recent events. There is no intention of discussing here the fundamental issues involved, for the Chinese claim one thing, the Japanese another, and while one may, after a thorough investigation, hold opinions regarding the rights and wrongs of the case, one cannot without the assistance of an International Court or arbitral body arrive at any definite conclusion. But one may examine step by step the actions of the various parties interested and discover whether or not the present position of all concerned calls for congratulation or dismay.

As a signatory of the Treaty of Versailles and as one of the Five Great Powers in the League, with a permanent seat on the Council, Japan 'in order to promote international cooperation and to achieve peace and security, by the acceptance of obligations not to resort to war, by the prescription of open, just and honourable relations between nations, and by the maintenance of justice and a scrupulous respect for all treaty obligations in the dealings of organized peoples with one another' has solemnly agreed to the Covenant of the League of Nations. This provides, in Article 10, that 'the Members of the League undertake to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League.'

By Article 12 'the Members of the League agree that if there should arise between them any dispute likely to lead to a rupture they will submit the matter to arbitration or judicial settlement or to enquiry by the Council'; by Article 15 'if there should arise between Members of the League any dispute likely to lead to a rupture, which is not submitted to arbitration or judicial settlement in accordance with Article 13, the Members of the League agree that they will submit the matter to the Council'; and by Article 16 'Should any Member of the League resort to war in disregard of its covenant under Articles 12, 13, or 15 it shall *ipso facto* be deemed to have committed an act of war against all other members of the League.'

Japan is also a signatory of the Briand-Kellogg Peace Pact and by Article 2 of that Pact has solemnly covenanted never to seek the settlement or solution of any dispute or conflict of whatever nature or whatever origin they may be which may arise between Japan and another power save by peaceful means.

And if that were not enough, Japan in 1922 agreed together with Great Britain, the United States, and six other world powers 'to respect the sovereignty, the independence and the territorial and administrative integrity of China.'

In the face of these obligations, and despite the opportunities and methods provided under the Covenant for the settlement of disputes between nations, Japan did not ask the League to assist in

the matter of the conflicting Sino-Japanese claims in Manchuria. On the other hand after Japanese troops had seized Mukden, and other strategic centres throughout Manchuria, North as well as South, had bombed Chinese cities, had killed hundreds of Chinese and had destroyed or captured millions of dollars worth of Chinese property—all in territory over which the sovereignty of China has been explicitly recognized by the Great Powers—the Japanese representative protested when the Council of the League proposed to deal with the matter, on the grounds that intervention would only excite Japanese opinion and impede a pacific settlement, and in addition refused the Chinese request for an international commission of enquiry. However, he did assure the other members of the Council that Japan was determined to observe loyally all the obligations involved in the various treaties, and he joined in a resolution authorizing the President of the Council 'to endeavour in consultation with the Chinese and Japanese representative to find adequate means of enabling the two countries to withdraw their troops immediately without the lives of their nationals and the safety of their property being endangered.' Two weeks later the Council met again to find that the Japanese military hold on Manchuria had been enlarged and consolidated in the interval. At this session of the Council the United States of America, despite the objections of Japan, was represented by an observer, and the Council, before it adjourned, approved of a resolution by a 13 to 1 vote (the Japanese representative dissenting), calling upon Japan 'to begin immediately and proceed progressively with the withdrawal of her troops into the railway zone so that the total withdrawal may be effected before the 16th of November.'

On the 16th of November the Japanese attacked the Chinese forces in Northern Manchuria and drove them across the Chinese Eastern Railway, and on November 18th captured Tsitsihar, hundreds of miles north of the terminus of the South Manchurian Railway, while in the south-west the last remnants of Chinese authority in Manchuria were being threatened. However, the Council of the League met again as arranged (on the 16th of November) and managed to reach unanimous agreement on the appointment of a League Commission to investigate (with reservations) the situation in Manchuria and to report back to the Council of the League. This commission has not yet been appointed and in the meantime the moderate government of Chiang Kai Shek has resigned, owing to the attitude of the radical elements in the country, while that of Japan has been replaced by a more conservative one, which seems to get on better with the Japanese military group. Following these changes in governments (seemingly for the worse), the Japanese armies marched on Chinchow and having occupied that city pushed on to the Great Wall, took possession of Shanhaikwan on January 7th and are threatening China proper. The United States, fearing that her interests in China may suffer, as a result of the latest movements, has addressed a strong note to both the Chinese

and Japanese governments, stating that 'it cannot admit the legality of any situation *de facto*, nor does it intend to recognize any treaty or agreement entered into between those Governments or agents thereof, which may impair the treaty rights of the United States or its citizens in China, including those which relate to the sovereignty, the independence or the territorial and administrative integrity of the Republic of China or to the international policy relative to China, commonly known as the open door policy; and that it does not intend to recognize any situation, treaty or agreement which may be brought about by means contrary to the Covenants and obligations of the Pact of Paris of August 27, 1928 to which treaty both China and Japan as well as the United States are parties.'

The League Council, although seized of the matter, has not taken any action since it adjourned on December 10th, and although the Secretary of State for the United States is reported as having consulted the Washington envoys of the other powers before despatching his note, Great Britain has stated that it is not taking any action in the matter and the other powers have preserved a discreet silence.

In the light of these facts, there seems to be little ground for congratulation unless one is interested in the armament business. For if Japan can occupy the whole of Southern Manchuria by sheer military strength, what is to prevent Germany from reoccupying Alsace and the Polish Corridor, or Hungary from occupying coveted sections of what are now Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania, or for that matter the United States from forcing her will on Canada in the event of a dispute arising over the St. Lawrence Waterway or the Chicago water diversion? Certainly not the League of Nations or the Briand-Kellogg Pact, if Japan is permitted to remain in undisturbed possession of Manchuria. Nothing save a bigger and better army, navy, and air fleet with the necessary chemical and industrial arrangements would seem to provide a safeguard in such circumstances. And if that be so, what use are the covenants, pacts, and organizations of the past twelve years, or what use a disarmament conference in February?

This is the menace in Japan's attitude and action; she has made herself a judge in her own cause and has enforced her will upon a weaker nation by military action, while the rest of the world looks on in seemingly helpless indecision. And if that be true, we seem to have completed a cycle and are back again in the pre-war era, with its philosophy of force, military alliances, balance of power, armament competition, and inevitable and not-far-distant war.

N. MCK.

THE CANADIAN FORUM, while welcoming manuscripts of general articles, stories, and verse, is not at present paying for material.

THE EDGE OF THE PRECIPICE

By HERTHA KRAUS

(Cologne, 21 Dec., 1931)

WHEN we came back in the middle of September we found conditions had changed greatly since our departure at the beginning of April. The first two weeks we spent in Hamburg and Berlin, partly to finish off some work. It may have been the contrast with your North American cities, but Hamburg as well as Berlin struck us as being devastated, silent, and dead; few automobiles, few pedestrians, almost no one in sight, and in most shops absolute quiet. Now that Christmas time is here things are somewhat different, but only in the big stores where the crowds are. Shop-owners say the volume of business is very low; most people look but do not buy. People hold back even if they still have money, since no one knows whether tomorrow he will have any or not.

Uncertainty is characteristic of the whole situation. Wages and salaries are reduced almost every month by new laws forced through by necessity. Long term contracts are suddenly annulled. Price agreements by trusts cease to be enforceable by law. Nothing is stable, every basis for calculation becomes unreliable. As you have no doubt read, the latest emergency decree (an executive decree passed without consent of the Reichstag) has artificially lowered interest rates. Until January 15, 1932, all leases for living quarters or business premises may be cancelled without notice, quite irrespective of whether the lease had years to run or not. It is generally reckoned that the leases of more than half of all houses, apartments and business premises are being so terminated. An increased search is being made for smaller or cheaper premises. Thus the landlord who up till now has been able to live somehow on the income from his property joins the ranks of the needy, of whom there are already so many fighting in despair for bare existence.

Money cannot be had anywhere. All savings banks and ordinary banks are being 'bled white', which means that every month since the middle of summer more money has been withdrawn than has been deposited. That can partly be explained because families which are now unemployed or have only a very small income are forced to draw out their savings, partly because money is being hoarded at home through fear of a new inflation or more bank failures.

People are talking much about inflation. There are wide circles who hope for it, but they are chiefly people with many debts. Those who still have some few possessions or are able to think soundly along economic lines are more afraid of inflation than of the present poverty.

All in all, Germany presents the picture of a family which, very unwillingly and with much suffering, has been forced to give up the appearance of wealth and show its true poverty. It is very hard to have to give up again the relatively high standard of living which has been generally taken for granted here. People strive in a thou-

sand ways to preserve customary habits and comforts when they have not the financial means to do so.

Thousands of school children can no longer go to school because they either have no shoes at all or those they have are completely worn out. But public opinion cries out in horror and indignation against the proposal to supply them with cheap wooden shoes. Thousands of *rentiers* are going hungry and cold in apartments of three, four or more rooms; but it is considered quite out of the question to part with rugs and furniture, the witnesses of bygone better days, and perhaps sleep, live, and cook in a single room. Every employee, even with the lowest wages, tries to be faultlessly turned out, though usually at the cost of depriving himself of proper food and all cultural expenditure. Even the unemployed in the early years go about better dressed than workers at full wages in England and France used to do.

Unemployment benefit has been cut down again and again in the last year. In spite of this one sees in railway waiting-rooms and heated public rooms elsewhere thousands of men smoking cigarettes; or one sees the unemployed in cinemas or in cheap taverns, which means that they have less to spend on necessary food and housing. Everyone tries to preserve a little bit of luxury although they cannot in reality afford it and must as a result sacrifice necessities.

The state and the municipalities are doing the same thing. So far no German town has actually decided to give up its theatres and operas or to close its museums, although their upkeep demands very considerable sums. They prefer to dismiss school teachers, combine numerous school classes, and give up instruction in physical culture and hand work and even other subjects of instruction. They prefer to close convalescent homes for children, cease to provide milk at reduced prices to infants in unemployed families, and cut down the provision of medical care for the needy.

For example, the latest emergency decrees state that the sickness benefit funds may no longer provide hospital care for wives and children of insured workers, and they may pay only 50% of the cost of medicines. This is a great step backwards in social insurance, particularly now when, because of the decrease in wages and the shortening of the hours of work, most workers are less in a position than they ever were to pay for the medical services which they have not had to pay for in the last twenty-five years. In spite of this, the deductions for unemployment, sickness, disablement, and old age insurance amount to 13-17% of the week's wages.

All reductions in wages have been justified on the grounds that only thus can a general decrease in prices take place. As a matter of fact, prices have fallen to a great extent, but not for those goods which the poorer classes buy. All luxuries as well as meat and clothing are cheaper. The

prices of bread, fats, potatoes, flour, rice are practically unchanged. Peas and beans are now cheap because Russia has flooded the German market. Vegetables are being sold in the market at very low prices because the peasants need money so badly. But that can only be a passing phenomenon.

The sale of meat has shrunk so enormously that the Reich has made a special provision to enable the unemployed to have meat for four weeks. Each family receives tickets worth 30 pfennigs and good in all butcher shops, which permit them to buy one pound of meat for four weeks in succession. In this way the rural districts are indirectly benefited, as the farmers have difficulty in getting rid of their cattle. Without doubt there are in every city many thousands of families who never buy meat for months at a time, or at most buy a piece of bacon to cook with the vegetables.

After all this I do not need to say much of the general mood. Everywhere there is bitterness and quiet despair since no one can see a way out. Everyone is sleepless and exhausted. No one has plans or hopes or thoughts for the future, beyond hoping to struggle somehow through the difficulties of the next day. Legal instability, the destruction of everything binding in laws, contracts, and agreements of all kinds, has its effect also in private life. People do not hold themselves bound in any way. They make debts, so far as anyone is willing to lend them money, make promises of all kinds and care very little whether and when they can keep them. The general breakdown in morale is terrible.

It is easy for the extreme parties to win adherents as they alone are ready to scatter wild promises and exhortations. With these slogans, behind which lie only helplessness and bitterness, they attract many people, especially the young people from every party, but also sensible people who say to themselves: 'things can hardly become worse than they are now—perhaps these men do understand better than the present government'. Fascists and Communists alike seek salvation by the most radical upheaval and the complete scrapping of the present constitution, the present executive power, and the present heads of government. Every day one can read in the newspapers samples of the political ideas of these gentlemen in the form of plans for government drawn up by their parties and found in house raids. They are all dripping with gore and would be highly ludicrous if one had not occasion to take them rather seriously.

Every election shows that faith in the centre parties is dwindling and that people are streaming into the Fascist and Communist camps. Not of course because people are convinced or because they believe in these methods, but to give them a chance. People wait to see their plans translated into reality and are interested to find out if things may not be better under such a government. Unfortunately, neither internally nor externally dare we risk such an experiment. Any constitutional government would be finished with for a long time, and the French would be back on the Rhine in twenty-four hours.

Even this last has lost its terror for many. There are many of the young unemployed who were not in the last war and who would rather have a jolly old war than the present idleness and hunger.

No one sees any way out. It is expected that February, March, and April will be even worse than the last few months; and then things will improve slightly, always providing that there has not been a general smash-up first.

A few words on the position of the towns. For the most part the towns no longer pay over the taxes they raise for the States and the Reich, but use them for their own needs. The result is that the budgets of the States and the Reich are in a lamentable condition. The towns can think of no other way to help themselves, as they have to take care of the unemployed, and if unemployment benefits ceased to be paid there would undoubtedly be a revolution in a few days. Most towns have unpaid wages bills running into thousands of marks. Since summer all public building has come to a stop. The salaries of officials are being paid at present in small dribbles three or four times a month. But it is generally expected that they cannot be paid regularly in the late winter months. Salaries have been cut 20-40% since the beginning of the year. Unemployment benefits, allowances, etc., are still paid though they have been cut down, and in many weeks these have only been paid by using the takings of the municipal street railway. Our cashiers had to pay out sacks of ten pfennig pieces but were glad that even this money came in. An emergency decree of August last forbids the towns to borrow from the municipal savings banks, which makes it even more difficult to raise funds. The income from the municipal gas and electric works as well as from the street railway is steadily going down because business dwindles and everyone is saving where possible.

This picture is on the whole very gloomy. We shall be glad if it does not become worse. No one can see any way out. The moratorium provides a slight alleviation and a hope for rational treatment of reparations later on. But the roots of the evil remain untouched. Who knows how to find work again for the millions of unemployed? It is small comfort that this problem is pressing not only in Germany but throughout the whole world, considering that we have the tragic advantage of a much older and therefore much heavier unemployment problem. Let us hope for a New Year in which it may be possible to halt the development of the world crisis and find creative ways to overcome it.



EFFICIENCY AND UNEMPLOYMENT

By C. E. DANKERT

IN the 'Personal and Otherwise' section of a prominent American monthly a writer, presumably the editor, recently made the following statement: 'Our machines and our science of management have made us so efficient that there is no longer enough work to go around.' Still more recently, the editor of a leading Canadian monthly (none other than THE CANADIAN FORUM) suggested a reduction of working hours as the only permanent cure for technological unemployment.

It seems to me that both these views involve a serious error, and consequently I think they should be challenged. In challenging them, however, I must at the outset affirm my belief in the desirability of a shorter working-day. But this belief is not based on the erroneous idea that we shall continue to have a large amount of unemployment if the length of the working-day is not reduced.

As a temporary expedient, reducing the number of working hours and the spreading out of work is a policy to be encouraged. It results in many workers being tolerably well fed, rather than some having more than they require to satisfy their physical needs and others having less. Moreover, it helps to preserve the skill of the workers which, in a time of protracted idleness, may be greatly impaired.

But as a long-run, as a permanent means for coping with the unemployment problem the reduction of hours has little, if anything, to commend it. It is impossible to support this policy without at the same time maintaining that there is going to be such a limited amount of work to be done in the future that all the available workers will not be able to get employment if the present standards of hours continue to exist.

This view is untenable. It arises from seeing the 'seen' but failing to discern the 'unseen,' to borrow a valuable thought from Bastiat. It implies the application of a concept which would be true in a static world to a world which is very dynamic in nature and in which it is not true, except for very brief periods of time.

To be fair, one must admit the possibility of an exception to the above conclusion. A shorter working-day for part of the country's working force may decrease permanently the volume of unemployment and of under-employment if it results in an increase in production. The extra production will constitute a demand for other goods and services, and, in the production of these, additional workers will be required. But in how many cases is the production of the workers—and this refers to their daily production—likely to be increased with a reduction in their hours?

It is likely true, however, that those who advocate a shorter working-day as a permanent means for dealing with the problem of unemployment do so, not on the basis of the theoretical possibility set forth in the preceding paragraph, but on the basis of a belief in the existence of a limited

amount of work. Apparently such a belief is held by the editors whose statements have evoked this response, but it is not held by them alone. There seems to be a rather widespread notion that because of the great increase in 'efficiency' that has taken place in recent years there is no longer sufficient work to go around. If mechanical progress and improvements in the science of management have created a situation of this sort, what will be the nature of the situation when efficiency—let us use this word in the present instance to mean physical output per man-hour—has increased a hundred, a hundred and fifty, or two hundred per cent.? Will half, three-quarters, or seven-eighths of the workers then be involuntarily idle? If such progress and improvements result in the condition described, why is it that the bulk of the population is not already out of work? These changes have been going on for a century and more.

Technological improvements and improvements in the science of management cause temporary unemployment, and this, it must be confessed, gives rise to a great deal of distress. They do not cause permanent unemployment, except perhaps in the case of some of the older workers. Some of these may never again be able to get a steady job; not because such jobs are not available, however, but because of age discrimination. These improvements, while they cause a certain amount of human suffering, nevertheless make possible a higher standard of living for the masses.

They reduce costs, and, if competition is sufficiently keen, they result in lower prices. With prices reduced, the consumer is able to make larger purchases of the articles with the reduced prices, or is able to buy new goods and services that have appeared on the market. Either practice gives rise to employment opportunities. On the other hand, if instead of prices being reduced profits are increased, the effect, as far as the furnishing of jobs is taken into account, normally tends to be the same; that is the same as with a reduction of prices.

Improvements in technology and in management also make possible a shorter working-day; and a shorter working-day seems to be inevitable. It is inevitable because changes in technology, in industrial methods, and in industrial organization will continue to be made in the future, and also because the unions will press for shorter hours. While it appears unlikely that we shall ever reach the goal that Godwin considered possible—in his *Enquiry Concerning Political Justice*, Godwin maintained that if property were equalized and if practically everyone had to work, all the necessities required by the community could be produced in half an hour a day—the six-hour standard that Sir Thomas More set up for the subjects of King Utopus, or even the four-hour standard that Campanella established in his imaginative City of the Sun, does not seem beyond accomplishment.

However, it must be borne in mind that if the length of the working-day is reduced and the physical productivity of labour per hour is not increased in proportion, the standard of living of the workers will likely go down. A re-distribution of wealth brought about by the use of some such means as the taxing power would offset this likelihood, of course.

Returning now to this question of efficiency and unemployment, one can safely affirm that the primary cause of the present unemployment is not efficiency. It is inefficiency. Our highly complex industrial and financial system is not functioning properly; it has got somewhat beyond our control. Most of the unemployment existing today is not caused by technological and other improvements, but is the result of industrial and financial maladjustment. This maladjustment cannot be remedied without the adoption of heroic measures, measures which the nations of the world seem reluctant to put into operation.

Credit will have to be controlled and some sort of social and economic planning will have to be inaugurated before the unemployment problem will be solved, or at least before a near-solution is reached. Such control and planning can be carried out properly only on an international scale. But international cooperation of the kind desired seems to be still in the distant future; and the possibility of credit control and economic planning even on a national scale appears to be rather remote. Irrational nationalism, the tariff craze, the strength of vested interests, excessive and outworn individualism, inertia, and indifference—these are some of the obstacles in the way of attaining our objectives. The situation is not completely hopeless, however. Control and planning of the variety hoped for may yet be achieved.

But for the present there are other means closer at hand that will help to reduce the volume of unemployment and mitigate its evils, and these should be used to the limit of social and economic feasibility. Our labour market should be better organized, and to this end the annual federal financial grant to the provinces for purposes of operating their employment offices should be increased from \$150,000 to at least \$250,000. Next, more public construction should be carried on to deal with the situation now existing; and when the present depression is over, public works on an elaborate scale should be planned ahead so that when the next depression comes along the plans will be ready for the work to proceed at the proper time. There should be higher income and inheritance taxes to provide some of the funds for the construction work; but during the period of depression increased borrowing rather than heavier taxation should be resorted to, since the policy of borrowing will better help to maintain purchasing power, and at a time when it is especially needed. And then, business men should be encouraged to introduce methods which will help to stabilize employment within their own establishments. The amount of seasonal, of technological, and to some extent even of cyclical unemployment is subject to partial control on their part.

But these proposals have serious limitations. Taken singly, or all together, they cannot cure

unemployment. Another step, therefore, should be taken. This step is the adoption by the various provinces of a system of unemployment insurance.

Unemployment insurance is desirable because it will help to relieve the distress of those who are involuntarily idle and who are in need. Moreover, it is desirable because if a proper system were put into operation, a system organized on an industrial basis, with the employer paying most, if not all, the premiums, it would itself aid in reducing the volume of unemployment. The employer would have a strong incentive to introduce regularizing methods since this would lower the amount of his insurance premiums.

MORE LABOUR—OR LEISURE

IT has not been the general practice of the editorial board of THE CANADIAN FORUM to comment upon articles submitted by contributors, neither *ex cathedra*—in the grand manner—nor in the way of criticism by individual editors. But, although this has been our rule, all rules are subject to certain exceptions. In our present issue Mr. C. E. Dankert, in his article, 'Efficiency and Unemployment,' has hurled his gauntlet into the calm of our editorial sanctum, and we should be more than human if we did not obey the impulse to slam it back again, accompanied by any loose *impedimenta* in the form of blue-books or works of reference that may happen to be within reach.

Mr. Dankert begins by taking liberties with our text. He attempts to condense a rather long paragraph into a short snappy phrase, and accuses us of suggesting 'a reduction in working hours as the only permanent cure for technological unemployment.' We submit that this undue simplification does not really do justice to the meaning of our paragraph. From this point Mr. Dankert goes merrily on to credit us with a belief in a static world and a theory of a limited amount of work. We are quite prepared to agree that in theory there is no limit to the amount of work that might be performed by mankind—save only the limit of human endurance. Nine-tenths of humanity might spend all its waking hours in the production of an enormous mass of goods, and the other one-tenth could devote its whole time to the destruction of these articles—as, obviously, no one would have any time for consumption. But, in practice, under the system of 'rugged individualism' which is in vogue on this favoured continent, there is a very real limit to the work which can be performed, and this limit is conditioned by our planless competitive system. If we produce goods in excess of 'effective demand' we have over-production, which is inevitably followed by the kind of crisis which we are experiencing at present. The capitalist world in which we live at present is certainly not static—it appears to be going rapidly down-hill.

The trouble with Mr. Dankert is that he is living in an academic Utopia. He is still thinking in terms of pre-war economics, when—with occasional ups and downs—employment was steadily increasing and the standard of living steadily rising, as it had been doing for a hundred years

or so. The beautiful continuity of this industrial advance was broken shortly after the War, and all the King's horses and all the King's men have not been able to patch it up again. Stuart Chase makes this point very clearly in his *Men and Machines*, which was published in 1929. He says:—

For a hundred years every census tabulated an increasing number of persons employed in factories; now suddenly since the War, with an increasing population, there are fewer persons in factories. Something cardinal has happened; some mighty corner has been rounded.

According to the United States Department of Labour, in the five years between 1923 and 1928, one and a quarter million factory employees in the U.S. were laid off permanently, and yet each year showed an increase in production. This war of attrition was not limited to the factories. Fewer agricultural workers were employed. Stuart Chase estimates that in the decade between 1919 and 1929 more than two million workers in the productive occupations, factory workers, railwaymen, mine workers, and farmers—lost their jobs, permanently. And still production went on increasing! Here was the wealthiest country on earth, at the height of one of its greatest booms, and yet it was unable to find productive occupations for millions of its workers. Mr. Dankert's elaborate theory that technological improvements . . . give rise to employment opportunities, does not seem to fit in very well with the facts. If ever there was a time when this theory should have worked well it was in the period of expansion, 1923-29, but it does not seem to have worked either in the short or the long run, unless by long run Mr. Dankert is thinking in terms of centuries.

Now, it is necessary to qualify the above by pointing out that all the two million men in the United States who were forced out of their productive jobs—that is to say, suffered from technological unemployment—did not remain permanently unemployed. The orthodox economists talk about 'goods' and 'services.' These men who had lost their jobs ceased supplying goods to the public, but many of them supplied services instead. 'Services' is often a euphemism, and is merely a pleasant way of describing what happens to a worker who is forced out of a productive, socially-useful job, into a parasitic or semi-parasitic occupation. It has been estimated—there are of course no exact figures—that in 1929 there were half a million bootleggers in the United States. This army would, of course, be recruited from the unemployed. Then there is the horde of itinerant pedlars and house-to-house canvassers. Here again, we have no census figures, but we should be inclined to believe that this force has been multiplied by ten in the last decade. High-pressure salesmen have increased enormously, and there are numerous other 'services' which have been grafted on to the body economic. If we consult the crime statistics of the United States and Canada for the last ten years or so we find that criminal offences and convictions have steadily increased during this period. Crime is another occupation that is open to the unemployed.

Now one of the very important economic

effects of this occupational shift has been the padding of distribution pay-rolls as production costs have decreased. Consider the inefficiency and the anti-social cost of a system of retail distribution by means of house-to-house canvassers. Reductions in cost, instead of being passed on to the consumer, are often short-circuited somewhere on the way. For instance, when the tired business man pays a high price for a bottle of synthetic gin it is not due to the labour cost of distilling crude alcohol—he is really contributing to the high cost of bootlegging and hi-jacking. During the boom period, 1923-29, the factory cost of commodities was reduced considerably, but retail prices did not decline to anything like the same extent. One reason, of course, is the growth of monopoly. Producers of national commodities tend to fix standard prices on their wares. When the manufacturer of some product, which is sold all over this continent, makes a \$50,000 reduction in cost due to some improvement in technology in his plant, he does not hand on the saving to the consumer, with a 'God bless you, my child,' as he did in the good old Victorian days. He merely purchases two or three new electric signs, or else buys advertising space in the form of a double-page spread (in three colours) in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Even since the slump, although wholesale prices have crashed to below pre-war figures, retail prices have been slow to correspond. The *National Bureau of Economic Research* (New York), in its latest bulletin, in which it takes 1913 prices as a base of 100, shows that in October, 1931, the wholesale price level was at 98, but the cost of living was still at 149. The farmer is in even worse shape than the average consumer. The index number of the price received for farm produce is now 68, and the price that he pays for goods is 126. So again, Mr. Dankert's little pastoral play where technological improvements reduce costs, which are then passed on to the consumer, who is thereby enabled to purchase more and more goods—seems to contain more romance than realism.

Finally, Mr. Dankert is afraid that if hours of work are reduced, without a corresponding increase of production taking place, the standard of living of the workers may be lowered. The trouble here is that most of us comfortable middle-class intellectuals know as little about the manual labourers who produce for us our food, clothing, shelter, and fuel as we do about the inhabitants of Thibet. We meet the occasional railwayman when we are travelling, and now and then we have an argument with a plumber or the member of some other building trade—all members of the comparatively small class of labour aristocrats, who are reasonably well satisfied with their rates of pay and conditions of labour. Most of us have no personal knowledge of the 'stretch-out' in the textile mills of the South, or the 'speed-up' in other industries. We know very little about the living conditions of a soft-coal miner in Kentucky or in Nova Scotia, or of the corn-grower in Kansas, the cotton-picker in Alabama, or the grain-grower in Minnesota or Southern Saskatchewan. There are millions of these workers who are not a bit afraid of a reduction in their standards of

living because they are already down to or below the subsistence level. If the workers on this Continent had any real voice in deciding the conditions of labour the great majority would favour a reduction in hours, and run any risk of reducing their standards of living. They know from experience that wages in industry always tend to the subsistence level anyway.

One last concession we must make to Mr. Dankert. When we spoke of dividing all the available work among all the available workers we were also dealing in Utopias. Such a solution is simply not feasible — under the existing competitive order.

J. F. W.



IN another column of this issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM is a letter from Mr. F. M. Aykroyd of Montreal criticizing this journal's attitude to Canadian affairs. While he approves of our radicalism, he finds us always gloomy and sometimes morose; and especially he complains that THE CANADIAN FORUM is negative in its criticism, and has no constructive leadership to offer. Unlike some of its contemporaries who, if one may believe their editorial confidences, must collect a fan mail rivalling that of a Hollywood film-star, THE CANADIAN FORUM does not receive many letters from its readers either praising or damning it. But its editors have heard Mr. Aykroyd's criticisms so often from their personal friends that it seems desirable to discuss what the function of a journal of this kind should be.

THE primary function of a critical political journal is to comment on current events, to interpret to its readers what seems to the editors to be the real significance of the news in the daily papers, and to draw attention to developments in public affairs which the newspapers in their perpetual chase after the spectacular are likely to neglect. Criticism of this kind is neither 'destructive' nor 'constructive'. It simply aims at giving a realistic understanding of the political, economic, and social forces which underlie the day-to-day happenings recorded in the newspaper headlines. THE CANADIAN FORUM in its amateur way tries to do for Canada the sort of thing that is done so effectively for the United States by the *New Republic* and the *Nation* and for Great Britain by *The New Statesman* and *Nation* and the *Week End Review*. We cannot honestly see that we are more gloomy than these journals, or that we nag at Mr. Bennett more persistently than the *New Republic* nags at Mr. Hoover or the *New Statesman* used to nag at Mr. Baldwin. Unless one is blessed with the temperament of Mr. Mencken who, as he explains,

persists in living in America for the same reason that a man goes to the zoo—because he likes to watch the animals—it is somewhat difficult for an observer of the present international suicide race not to be gloomy and not to say uncomplimentary things about the responsible governments and business leaders who have helped to get us into this mess.

THIS so-called destructive criticism is especially needed in Canada just because there has always been so little of it. Here we are facing the new year of 1932 with every prospect of a much more severe experience than that which we went through in 1931. A considerable part of our economic distress is due to world conditions over which we can have little control. But as long as those conditions continue it is childish to speak of our own condition as being 'fundamentally sound'; and there is no sign that the questions of reparations, inter-allied debts, and armaments are any nearer solution now than they were when Germany threatened to collapse last spring. We ourselves have piled up a burden of debt, which is producing unbalanced budgets and increased taxation among most of our governments, municipal, provincial, and federal. The burden becomes steadily more unbearable as our external trade is slowly strangled by tariff-makers, Canadian and foreign. We cannot escape the all-round retrenchment which means a lowering of our standard of living. Yet our prime minister in his New Year message tells us blandly that 'our economic life is free from ills. Trouble has tested it and found it fundamentally sound'. It used to be in times of trouble that religion provided people with the consolations of the next world. Now our economic leaders preach to us the consolations of the next boom. In such a situation THE CANADIAN FORUM persists in believing that the most constructive work to be done by any Canadian journal at present is to continue obstinately in accustoming its readers to face unpleasant facts. Blaming it for being so regularly gloomy is as reasonable as blaming a barometer because its mercury goes down steadily when a storm is approaching. In a democratic country the essential basis of all other reforms is an electorate which is intelligent enough not to be duped repeatedly by appeals to its emotions. We do not possess such a citizen body in Canada. The only effective process of public education is that of exploding popular delusions and exposing the quacks who preach them.

UNREPENTANTLY, therefore, we stick to 'destructive' criticism. But Mr. Aykroyd is hardly fair when he complains that we never rise to constructive efforts. Let me remind him of only a few of the articles that have appeared in THE CANADIAN FORUM during 1931. In the March number this 'O Canada' section was devoted to expounding a programme for the Liberal party to adopt at its next convention. In the April number Mr. Graham Spry argued the case for national control of broadcasting. In the March and April numbers Prof. Henri Lasserre discussed the cooperative organization of indus-

try as a solution for some of our industrial troubles. In the May number Prof. H. Cassidy wrote on the case for unemployment insurance. In several issues the question of Dominion-Provincial relations has been discussed; and the point has been made repeatedly that, before any advanced programme of social reforms can be launched in Canada, we must have a Dominion authority with sufficient constitutional power to control our national destiny. I have argued this so often in 'O Canada' that it is probably one of the things that Mr. Aykroyd is tired of reading about; but I refer him to the article by Prof. Norman Rogers in the November number, and there is hardly a number in which our belief in lower tariffs as the necessary foundation for that increased international trade without which the economic life of Canada must collapse has not been expressed. If Mr. Aykroyd is so anxious to find constructive criticism in his favourite journal, might it be suggested to him that one way of finding it would be to read the paper a little more carefully?

* * *

THERE is no denying, however, that he is quite right when he points out that radicalism in Canada would be much more effective if it had thought out a positive programme which it could offer as an alternative to our present system of government in the interests of profit-making business men. We are just about to be provided with two striking illustrations of this truth, first in the matter of railway transportation and secondly in the matter of banking.

Public ownership advocates, of which THE CANADIAN FORUM is one, have contented themselves in the present crisis with standing pat in favour of continued competition between the nationally owned system and the C.P.R. and with quoting Mr. Bennett's phrase 'competition ever, amalgamation never'. As if the fate of his other election promises were not sufficient warning about what will happen to this one when the time comes! It is obvious now that this policy of the friends of the national road has been a big mistake. The economies which competition is popularly supposed to produce have simply not happened in Canada. Instead, both systems have plunged into the wildest extravagance and loaded the country with too luxurious hotels, unnecessary services, duplicating branch lines. A public ownership monopoly could not possibly have cost the country more. There are, in fact, no arguments in favour of competition in national railway services which would not equally prove that Winnipeg or Toronto would benefit from two competing street railways. The report of the Royal Commission will no doubt make such an overwhelming case for amalgamation that no answer will be possible. The amalgamation will be camouflaged as some scheme of co-ordination; but we may as well make up our minds that the only co-ordination we shall ever get from the Bennett government will be the handing over of real control to the C.P.R. and the turning of the national system into a disconnected series of feeders to the private corporation. In fact, regardless of what the Royal Commission reports, Mr. Bennett

in another year's time will have presented us with a *fait accompli*. This might have been forestalled by a vigorous public ownership campaign earlier on, had public ownership advocates been in the habit of thinking their case out thoroughly and looking far enough forward. They will pay the penalty for their lazy contentment with present achievements by being confronted with a gigantic private monopoly too big for any Canadian government to control or regulate.

A similar failure in dealing with banking and credit policy may be confidently predicted for 1933. The ease with which the Department of Finance is manipulated by the big banks in its rediscouting activities makes clear the need for some properly organized central bank in this country as the next step in bank regulation. But when the Bank Act comes up for revision next year radicals in Canada will have no programme ready. The bank presidents will assemble in Ottawa and deliver their decennial pronouncements about the perfection of the present system. When questioned by suspicious farmer members in the Banking committee about their control of credit policy they will exhibit a childlike innocence as to what their questioners are driving at. If necessary, they will have a few professors of economics on hand to discuss these academic theoretical matters to which they themselves never pay much attention. And in the end the Bank Act will go through in pretty much the same shape as before. For the only alternative policy which has yet appeared consists of some cloudy nonsense about 'social credits' which no one, even among its advocates, has yet been able to understand.

But Mr. Aykroyd is not alone in pointing out the need for some hard thinking on practical policies by Canadian radicals. Only so recently as last December the same thing was being said in this column of THE CANADIAN FORUM.

F. H. U.

EARTHQUAKE

'I think I hear a trumpet overhead.

A thumping on the lid—a white ass ride. . .'
The corpses murmured, stirred, 'We are not dead!' And turned and slept upon their other side. . .

PHILOSOPHER'S STONE

'So have I spent a life-time in my search
To make, as it is said,
Noble from base. Life left me in the lurch,
And dropt me with the dead;
And now I find it, buried in the church:
It stands right overhead . . .'

ABRAHAM M. KLEIN

THE ONTARIO SMALL-TOWN LABOURER AND FARM-HAND

By L. A. MACKAY

I HAVE no qualifications for a formal or statistical survey of the condition of these people, but the fact that I was one of them for the greater part of my life, and that I have still many friends and relatives among them, gives me, I believe, some right to speak as one of them, of their mental attitude towards some social and economic problems.

I believe that our fundamental approach to this problem is often quite misunderstood both by our critics and by our would-be defenders. Neither, it seems, realizes sufficiently how small a part avarice and ambition play in our outlook. Our strongest impelling motive is simply fear, a haunted quest for security. When that shadow falls for a moment into the background, we think of little but the immediate enjoyment of life. We have, in the mass, comparatively little rancour, and not much interest in general ideas, political or other.

We do not feel that it is degrading to work for a boss; our self-respect is too robust a plant to be affected by such an irrelevant consideration. Rather we enjoy being free of his responsibility. We are not envious or resentful of greater wealth, except in a very superficial way. We admire and envy the skill of the man that can amass riches, as we admire and envy the skill of the musician or the artist; but we do not resent it, unless we feel ourselves to have been outrageously victimized in its acquisition—which we seldom do.

We have an extremely realistic, moderate, and philosophic attitude towards wealth and leisure. All we want is to be reasonably sure of comparatively simple food and housing, with a decent amount of leisure for our rather inexpensive amusements, and we can look on with an amused tolerance at the struggles of our betters for wealth and power. If it amuses them, very well. To us, the reward doesn't seem worth all that effort. We can attain with much less trouble than that, the forms of happiness which we value most; and the formal living conditions that financial success seems to bring with it, would be frankly distasteful to us.

We are vaguely suspicious of Socialism, as involving too much regimentation and too much responsibility. If our masters would only get together and add to the existing system, by whatever means they chose, some provision that would exorcise the fear of destitution, and loss of our simple pleasures, whether in old age or in the prime of life, we should go on doing a reasonable day's work for them, quite readily, with a reasonable amount of holidays, not caring in the slightest how much money they made for themselves in the meantime.

If they are worried about our numbers, let them give us the necessary information, and we will soon limit our own increase to the most advantageous proportion. In the matter of procreation, we, like them, are far more interested in the process than in the product. It is not we that

would raise the religious objection. Whether we belong nominally to the Protestant, the Anglican, or the Roman communions, we are far more free from the domination of our spiritual guides, outside the field that we vaguely but firmly mark out for ourselves as properly spiritual, than even our own fellows of other communions ever realize—a fact that any priest or minister will regretfully corroborate. Our practical ethic is a far older, more selfish, more easy-going ideal than that of Christianity.

Let our masters only free us from the driving obsession of destitution, assuring us of a reasonable amount of wages, freedom, and leisure—and our idea of what is reasonable is quite amazingly moderate—and they would find us quite docile, though not at all servile, and much more simply and sustainedly happy than themselves. We have no idea how it is to be done. It is their job to figure that out; they have that kind of brain, and we haven't. We can't speak for the city-workers either, whom we feel to be somehow different, though we suspect them to be fundamentally very like ourselves. We know that we throw up occasional biological sports who belong by temperament to the ambitious class. These we feel should have every opportunity of exercising their talent; these too we admire tolerantly, somewhat condescendingly, but do not really envy.

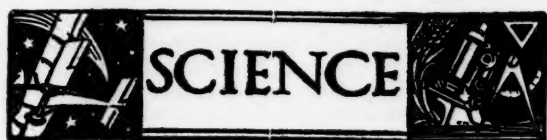
If our masters will only secure us, as we feel they could if they put their minds to it, some system that would give us the maximum of security, with the minimum of responsibility and the minimum of interference, Private Capitalism may go on to the Day of Doom and after, for all we care.

BEST SELLER

The blurb radiates libidos.
The wrapper supports convulsions gules
On a field jaune;
The male rampant, the female anatomy
Slithering and slim, couchant.
The creation occurs with kaleidoscopic frequency,
Develops a space-colour image in the brain.
The oily creator of these flat-faced puppets,
Who mangle each other from one page to another,
Surveys the earth from his god-like chair,
Regally sips benedictine at intervals.

A. G. BAILEY





WESTERN CANADA'S STEM-RUST PROBLEM

THE average non-scientific individual little realizes the enormous damage inflicted by plant pests on the cultivated plants by which he so largely subsists. The daily newspapers now and then feature the more spectacular incidents in the continual struggle between cultivated plants and their parasites: locust plagues in Palestine or East Africa; the westward march of the European corn-borer in the United States; or the occasional devastation of the European potato crop by the late-blight fungus. But the no less important, though more insidious, enemies of plants are rarely brought to his attention. He may not know that a fungous parasite fortuitously imported from Japan has wiped out the American Chestnut; that the European Elm is in grave danger of suffering the same fate; that the valuable white pine of Canada and the United States is menaced by a rust transported accidentally from Europe; that the stem rust of wheat has forced farmers in large areas of the Northwestern States and Western Canada to abandon the cultivation of common wheat.

The ravages inflicted by such plant and animal pests on cultivated plants are the penalty of man's interference with the processes of nature. Man has created the rust problem in North America, and the gravity of the problem has now forced him to turn his attention to solving it. He has created it by developing wheat varieties which furnish not only the human race but also the rust parasite with excellent food. He has planted these wheats in one continuous expanse that annually stretches from Texas to the Peace River Valley in northern Alberta and provides the rust parasite with a feeding ground such as exists nowhere else in the world.

As for the seriousness of the rust problem. Conservative estimates have placed the annual loss to Western Canada at about \$25,000,000. In years when serious epidemics occur the losses are far greater. The severe epidemic of 1916 caused a loss in the neighbourhood of \$200,000,000 to the wheat crop alone. The farmers of southern Manitoba abandoned the cultivation of common wheats and substituted for them the more rust resistant durum or macaroni wheats. The Dominion Government, aware of the gravity of the situation, established, in 1925, the Dominion Rust Research Laboratory at Winnipeg in an effort to bring the problem to a solution.

The question obviously arises: How can the rust problem be solved? Now, before any such problem can be attacked in a scientific manner it becomes essential to get down to fundamentals and discover the nature of the causal agent which

is to be overcome. This had, in a large measure, been accomplished before the Canadian investigators arrived on the scene. Stem rust of wheat is caused by a minute fungus known among scientists by the not over-euphonious trinomial *Puccinia graminis tritici*. It is a non-green or chlorophyllless plant which grows on wheat, barley, and certain grasses in much the same manner as cultivated seed plants grow on the soil. If one can visualize a plant with a profuse root-system and a vast seed production but no above-ground parts, one has formed a reasonably correct picture of the rust fungus. This fungus, after penetrating the wheat plant, grows entirely within it and in about ten days after penetration produces spores (seed-like reproductive bodies) in enormous numbers. The spore-masses formed on the leaves and stems of the wheat plant have a rusty appearance; hence the name stem rust. The individual spores are so minute (each spore is about 1/1,000 of an inch in diameter) that they are transported by the wind for great distances, and, as each spore is capable of infecting a wheat plant, the rust is able to spread very rapidly. An idea of the spore content of the atmosphere at Winnipeg in the month of August may be gained from the fact that two square inches of a vaseline-coated glass slide gathered no less than 42,000 spores in one day's exposure. At an elevation of one mile above the ground, 3,500 spores were caught on an equal area during a ten-minute exposure made from an aeroplane. When one considers further that the prevailing summer winds blow from south to north it becomes easy to comprehend the rapid northward spread of rust during the summer months.

The nature of the damage to the rusted plant is easily understood. In a severe epidemic, practically the whole surface of the plant becomes covered with rust pustules in two to three weeks after the first appearance of rust. The fungus not only utilizes the food materials in the plant for its own growth but ruptures the epidermis in innumerable places, thus increasing the transpiration or water evaporation to such an extent that eventually the plant becomes unequal to the task of manufacturing and transporting food substances to the developing and yet immature seed. The plant dies from drought and perhaps starvation, and the immature wheat kernels shrivel to a fraction of their normal size.

Now what are the possible ways and means of combatting the stem rust parasite? This was the question which faced the members of the newly-established Dominion Rust Research Laboratory. The weapons for the warfare on rust were to be fashioned from the cumulated knowledge deposited in the storehouse of biological science. A survey of the available scientific data revealed two possible methods of attack. Stem rust might possibly be prevented by applying some protective chemical spray or dust to the surface of the plant; or even preferably, it might be possible to develop rust-resistant varieties of bread wheat.

Both of these possibilities were subjected to a thorough investigation. A study of the first-mentioned alternative showed that finely-divided sulphur dust, when applied to the wheat plant at

intervals of a few days, was capable of protecting it from rust, providing the applications were commenced before the plant was attacked by the rust. This method, although effective, had the disadvantage that it entailed considerable expense for materials, machinery and labour, and could, consequently, only be used profitably in years of severe rust epidemics or in times when high prices of wheat rendered its growing and protection profitable.

The second alternative—the development of rust resistant varieties—deserves thorough consideration, for the reason that it promises a satisfactory solution of the rust problem. But, how are rust resistant varieties developed? At a first glance the matter seems simple enough. Although common wheats (the so-called bread wheats) have been almost universally susceptible to rust, yet there exist certain other wheats of no commercial value which are highly resistant. By crossing a common wheat with one of these resistant wheats it is theoretically possible to combine the rust resistance of the latter with the desirable economic qualities of the former. Certain lines descended from such a cross should possess the appearance and milling quality of the common-wheat parent combined with the rust resistance of the other parent wheat; for it has been discovered that resistance to rust and the various other qualities and characters of a wheat variety, are inherited in accordance with the so-called Mendelian laws of inheritance. Thus the laws of heredity discovered sixty-five years ago by an Austrian monk through a study of crosses between smooth and wrinkled peas and subsequently forgotten for a third of a century, are today the most potent weapons available to the scientist in the warfare against stem rust.

The plant breeders set to work to develop their rust resistant varieties, but they soon discovered that, as Hamlet once remarked to Horatio, there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in their philosophy. American plant pathologists had made the discovery that there existed not one stem rust of wheat, but several. These different strains of stem rust all looked alike, but differed in their capacities to attack wheat varieties. Since they differed physiologically, they were designated as 'physiologic forms.' The plant breeders were now faced with the task of breeding wheat varieties resistant to not only one but several varieties of stem rust. Furthermore, plant pathologists in the United States and at Winnipeg kept on identifying more and more of these physiologic forms until, in 1927, no less than fifty of these strains were known. In the same year Dr. J. H. Craigie, the present head of the Dominion Rust Research Laboratory, made a discovery which further complicated the problem. He added the final touch to the proof that the rust organism was sexual in its nature and worked out the mechanism of its sexuality. This sexuality is not apparent so long as the rust organism grows on the wheat plant, but stem rust, in common with many other rusts, must pass to a different host plant in order to complete its life cycle. In the case of stem rust, this host is the common barberry, *Berberis vulgaris*. Whenever the rust

infects this plant it becomes an actively sexual organism.

This discovery had several important implications. The presence of sex implied the possibility of hybridization, and hybridization implied the creation of new strains of rust. In other words, the numerous strains or physiologic forms of stem rust were probably inter-breeding to produce new strains; and, theoretically, there was no limit to the number of strains which might originate in this manner. To test the correctness of this theory a few rust strains were crossed with each other. Within a short time these crosses had resulted in the creation of about thirty new physiologic forms which, needless to say, were not disseminated out-of-doors. The proof that new rust strains were created through hybridization had been obtained, and the unfortunate barberry, on which this hybridization takes place, was doomed to destruction throughout the wheat-growing areas of this continent.

The breeding of wheat varieties resistant to the host of known and unknown physiologic forms of stem rust now looked more than ever difficult of achievement. However, while the plant pathologists at the Rust Research Laboratory were busy investigating the sexuality and breeding behaviour of the rust organism, the plant breeders had studied the rust resistance of hundreds of wheat varieties in various stages of growth. These studies had elicited a fact which was to prove of great significance. They had noted that certain wheat varieties of no economic value, although susceptible to many physiologic forms in the seedling stage, gradually developed resistance as they approached maturity. When fully grown, such plants appeared to be equally resistant to all the rust strains to which they were subjected. Hence, as far as these varieties are concerned, the multiplicity of physiologic forms does not matter. As stem rust does not arrive in Western Canada until early summer, when such wheat plants are approaching full development and have acquired resistance to rust, it becomes apparent that resistance of this kind might be valuable. The varieties possessing it were of no value as bread wheats, but it was thought that their peculiar type of resistance might be combined with the superior quality of the bread wheats. Crossing experiments fully justified this supposition. The 'mature plant resistance,' as it has been called, was found to be inherited according to Mendelian laws and can easily be combined with the excellent milling and baking qualities of some of the common wheats. The present plant breeding programme of the Rust Research Laboratory is largely based on such crosses.

Space does not permit a detailed description of the procedure followed in the development of rust-resistant bread wheats. From the many crosses that have been made no less than 20,000 lines of wheat have been isolated and studied; and each line is a potential wheat variety. Each year these hybrid lines of wheat are subjected to a virulent attack of practically all the strains of stem rust that occur commonly on the North American continent. Each year the ones that succumb to stem rust or show other undesirable

characters are eliminated. The wheat strains which survive these rigorous tests are subjected to an intensive study. Their agronomic characters are carefully noted; their productiveness is tested at the various Agricultural Experiment Stations in Canada; their milling and baking qualities are examined independently at several chemical laboratories; and their resistance to diseases other than rust is carefully scrutinized. Many fall by the wayside for one reason or another; and the 20,000 potential varieties have been reduced to two-score. But in the two-score varieties that remain, there appears to be ample promise that 'the foul fiend that mildews the white wheat'—to use Shakespeare's description of rust—will be banished from the Canadian prairies.

T. JOHNSON



II

MORLEY CALLAGHAN

MORLEY CALLAGHAN is the Zola of Toronto. His gallery of apaches includes gangsters, bootleggers, commercial travelers, lumberjacks, dissatisfied wives, newspapermen, ladies of easy virtue, university students, and lawyers. He describes these animals with great skill as they go through the motions of living: toiling for their daily bread, frequenting restaurants and speakeasies where they can fill their bellies with food and bad drink, attending theatres and Church, making love to their own and other men's wives, shooting each other for little or no reason, and making whoopee generally.

All this, Mr. Callaghan would have us believe, goes on in Toronto; for nearly every one of his stories is set in Canada's most virtuous city. In Toronto, where Communism has been officially abolished and Law and Order and the Orangemen reign supreme. Where loose living is being perpetually pursued by the Old Dutch girls of Propriety and Respectability, brandishing their clubs with ominous mien. No matter; if your sense of probability has been outraged, if Angelina does not quite measure up to your idea of a night club queen, and if Shuter Street falls short of your notion of a red light district, substitute Chicago for Toronto and go on with the story.

I believe we may best appreciate Mr. Callaghan's contribution to contemporary literature by proceeding from his defects to his virtues rather than conversely, as is usually done. His defects are two: he has too great a fondness for melodrama, for face slappings, drunken brawls, shootings, and other kinds of violence; and he almost never shows his characters thinking about life and its problems.

In his predilection for unusual incident, Mr. Callaghan is merely reflecting the spirit of the times. The fiction of the last half century has been rather scornful of action and has preoccupied itself chiefly with a description of social conditions among the various strata of society or with psychological analysis. A novel like Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* is eagerly read by multitudes in every civilized country, although the most exciting incidents in its eight hundred pages are a series of births, marriages, and deaths. Marcel Proust's novel in eight volumes is hailed as the masterpiece of the epoch, despite the fact that its only interest, from the point of view of plot, is the fascination of its very dullness.

Of late, however, there has been a reaction to this fashion. The interest in plot has been revived, and we have been indulging in an orgy of War books and thrillers of all kinds. In an age which is ready to applaud even the crudest kind of sensation in fiction, any writer who is able to present sensation in a really attractive form is bound to be highly successful, even among the highbrows. The furore created by Mr. Callaghan's first novel *Strange Fugitive*, which is full of the cheapest kind of melodrama, is explained in part by the present hunger for fabricated excitement. And, although the extravagant sensationalism of *Strange Fugitive* (especially of its second half) is greatly modified in Callaghan's second novel *It's never over* and in the short stories, it is never completely abandoned; we are always in the presence of men and women who are actually or potentially members of the underworld.

The second important defect in Mr. Callaghan's work is the absence of any direct analysis of the minds of his characters. Why do they never reflect on the mystery of life, but seem to exist only to feed and breed? They are not a carefree lot; far from it: they are often unhappy, terribly unhappy. But then they only groan or shriek like blind, stupid beasts, or have recourse to the comforts of the Church. It is not difficult to guess the reason for this studied avoidance of anything that even resembles an analysis of mental and emotional processes. The thing had been carried to ridiculous extremes. For the rapid growth of the science of psychology had made psychological analysis so popular in fiction that any novelist worth his salt simply had to probe deeply into the complexes of the persons he was describing and the more subtle and intricate the analysis, the more praise the novel received. It became common to find a person, who in real life would be a very simple, ignorant, and inexperienced yokel, indulging in a piece of self-analysis that might tax the mental powers of such a metaphysician and word artist as Count Keyserling. It was even more common to find the author doing it for the fictitious person. I have many times put down a novel or a drama with the impression that the milkman or grocer's assistant about whom I had just read possessed a deeper insight into the problems of metaphysics than half a dozen minor philosophers.

Such a state of affairs was, of course, intolerable and unnatural. And the correction for the

evil is obvious. Pain and unhappiness give rise to mental conflicts and questionings, in draymen as well as in archbishops. But the speculations of a drayman are not those of an archbishop; and it is the task of the novelist to make the drayman think like a drayman, not like an archbishop. Eugene O'Neill has done this successfully. There is no person in Mr. Callaghan's novels and short stories who comes closer to the border line between man and beast than the people appearing in *The Hairy Ape* and *Anna Christie*. Yet O'Neill has been able to breathe vigorous life into ancient themes by describing the mental conflicts of these wild creatures.

O'Neill does not stand alone. In recent years German literature has abandoned the romantic subjectivism of the Expressionists and has returned to a naturalistic technique of writing. The new movement is called *Die neue Sachlichkeit* (The New Objectivity), by some *Der magische Realismus*. The second label indicates in what way the new technique is different from the Naturalism of the nineties, which refused to have anything to do with mental processes, but confined itself to the description of sense impressions. The new writers realize that, however scientific and objective we may strive to be in describing life, we must not neglect the spiritual side of man's existence, what we commonly call the 'soul', even if it is only the soul of a thug and racketeer. The latest realism, while seeking to be objective, probes man's thoughts and emotions as well as his sensations and reflex actions. Franz Biberkopf, the hero of Alfred Döblin's novel *Alexanderplatz*, is a far cruder type than either Harry Trotter in *Strange Fugitive* or the score of Ontario hicks appearing in Morley Callaghan's short stories. Yet Döblin has succeeded in laying bare Biberkopf's most intimate thoughts and emotions, his aspirations and disappointments, the grandeur and misery of his existence. Mr. Callaghan, in his attempt to escape the Scylla of over-analysis, was dashed on the Charybdis of the other extreme: his characters apparently have no minds at all.

It is obviously futile to expect anything like a Weltanschauung, a view of life, from Mr. Callaghan's work. His interests do not lie in this direction. He writes about one stratum of society only (for no one shall persuade me that all Torontonians are like those pictured by Mr. Callaghan), and interprets character almost exclusively through action. So far his reputation, like that of Ludwig Lewisohn, must rest on his style, which is shorn of all literary ornament and is perfectly appropriate to its subject matter. It is the style of Sherwood Anderson and Ernest Hemingway, both of whom were influenced by the experiments of Gertrude Stein; but it is handled with a skill that neither Anderson nor Hemingway possess. Short, simple sentences; a very sparing use of adjectives; the most common words, colloquial, if possible. A skilful accumulation of apparently irrelevant detail gives the reader the impression that he knows much more about the character than he really does; for all the details illustrate one or two traits only. The

result of Mr. Callaghan's technique of description and diction is a simplicity which is impressive.

So far Mr. Callaghan has only published two novels, one volume of short stories and an autobiographical sketch. His second novel is in every way far superior to his first. He is still a very young man and has not yet fallen a victim to the all too common mania for wealth and fame. Besides, the pages of the best journals are open to him. I believe he has more chance of leaving a permanent mark on literature than any Canadian known to me.

H. STEINHAUER

BI-ELEMENTARY

The Turtle lives and loves and wends
His way through divers elements.
He really can't make up his mind
Whether with us or the piscine kind,
In air or water, he would dwell.

Deep in a mud-bank, sleeked with slime,
He passes hours of his time;
Then hitches his carapace to a star
And crawls ashore where we others are
To revel in sunlight or moonbeams dim.
The Higher and Lower contend in him,
Urging this way and dragging that
Till he actually doesn't know where he's at.
His Lower impulses bask in filth,
The murky sludge of the water's tilth,
Where succulent rootlet and juicy weed
Offer him something on which to feed.
He loves the chill and the greasy feel,
And the social chat of his friend the eel.
With his stomach full, then he looks above
To Higher Things and Eternal Love,
And strives to pierce the Eternal Fog
By climbing out upon a log.
He speculates upon the Blue,
And wonders, even as I and you,
What yet may come of the Well-behaved
When once they venture beyond the grave.

At last old age o'ertakes his bones,
And he sinks to his rest on the slimy stones.
While his corpse is the sport of the water's tide
His limited spirit will rise and bide
Its time in a median realm above.
'Twixt Earth and Sky his soul will move.
There, in a froth of indecision,
His turtlean eyes cast up to Heaven,
Eternal Good and Eternal Ill
Are fierce contending in him still.
The urge is great; the drag is strong;
The contest waxes hot and long.
Wanting both Ends nor a stiver less
At last he dissolves in Nothingness.

W. E. LENDON.



BY THE ST. LAWRENCE

By A. Y. JACKSON

GLOOSCAP

*A Synopsis of his Life; the Marked Stones he Left.**

By ETHEL HEMMEON

BLOMIDON, hibernating till the return of Glooscap the Divine, stands with dignified austerity to the north of the Gaspereaux, Cornwallis, Canard, Habitant, and Pereaux Rivers, as if protecting through habit their far-stretching fertile valleys, marked out, like a chessboard for *Alice through the Looking Glass*, in orchard and potato fields; grain, hay, and turnip fields; and squares of old forest. From the top of the sleeping Cape Giant the European usurper sees, if the day be clear, the counties of Cumberland, Colchester, Hants, Kings, and Annapolis in Nova Scotia, and the smoke-blue line of the New Brunswick coast; the red-creeping tides of Fundy, the broad sweep of the Avon flowing to and from Windsor, and past the Cheverie coast; and feels the promise of days full of peace. For here, many years ago, dwelt Glooscap, god of the Northeastern Indians; here he will return, and the Indian come into his own again.

Glooscap and his twin, Malsumsis (called by the Nova Scotia Micmacs Mundu, the devil) were the first births on the earth. Glooscap was the good, Malsumsis the evil. Before birth Glooscap decided to be born in the usual way, Malsumsis through the armpit; so it was, Malsumsis killing his mother, his first act of destruction. Glooscap came 'out of the east' to the 'land next the sunrise' on his tree-covered granite canoe, and shot an arrow at the bark of an ash, creating elves, the second birth. He shot again, and the third birth was Man, made from the trunk of the 'Great Ash Ygdrasil.'

These tales are supposed by Leland and others to have their origin in the Wabanaki (Micmacs of New Brunswick, Labrador, the Passamaquoddy and Penobscot tribes of Maine, St. Francis Indians, and a few others) either through the Eskimo, or by direct contact with the Norse.

Vafthrudnismal 33:—

Under the armpits grew,
'tis said of the Hrimthurs,
a girl and boy together; . . .

Lox (Malsumsis) had feet that were both male and female, and the power to turn himself into a woman.

Thorpe's translation of the Edda of Sæmund:—

Until there came three
mighty and benevolent
Aesir to the world
from their assembly
nearly powerless,
Ash and Embla (Ash and Elm. Adam and Eve.)
void of destiny.

* Sources of material: Leland, C. G., *Algonquin Legends of New England*, Boston, 1885; Parsons, E.C., *Journal of American Folk Lore*, Jan., March, 1925; Rand, S. T., *Legends of the Micmac Indians*, New York, 1894.

Trembles Yggdrasil's
Ash yet standing,
groans that aged tree. . . .

The legends of the Wabanaki and Nova Scotia Micmacs are said to be the most colourful of Indian folk lore. The Indian lived in a world peopled by giants, magicians, fairies, elves, dwarfs, wizards, witches, demons, sorcerers, and naiads, but Glooscap was infinitely more mighty than these. There was nothing that he could not do. He could become taller than the clouds, and stronger than the wind. He could change himself into any form he wished. He could descend into the earth and ascend into the air. He could bring the dead to life. His power was almighty, and always exercised for the good of his people.

Quite the opposite was Malsumsis, who caused trouble wherever he went, usually through sheer mischief. At last he became so destructive that Glooscap felled him with a fern-root (birds' down, according to the Nova Scotia Micmacs), the only weapon to which he was vulnerable, and turned him into the Shickshoe Mountains in the Gaspe peninsula in Quebec, in which state he is to remain until Glooscap comes to do battle with all evil spirits.

Blomidon was Glooscap's home. He never married, yet lived as other men; hence, Grandmother (term used by Indians to mean 'old woman' or 'woman over fifty') his housekeeper, and Little Brother (term used for boy under twelve years) Marten, his servant. Before Glooscap left his people, he turned Grandmother into an active young woman, and decked her out with amethysts he made for that purpose. Many such stones must have been made, for they are still to be found at Blomidon, although in smaller and smaller quantities. Grandmother's monument is Grandmother Mountain, near Baddeck, on Cape Breton Island, where she stayed until Glooscap sent for her, and for Marten, after he had 'gone into the west.' A stone on the mountain is the local Micmac weather-bureau; it becomes wet hours before a storm. At the outlet of Grand Lake into the Shubenacadie, there is a rock that Glooscap made 'lucky for fishermen,' in honour of Grandmother.

Before Glooscap had full knowledge of his great powers, he ran, one day, before Evil Pitcher, who had fallen in love with him; as many women have pursued and many men have run since then. To escape her, he leaped from the mainland to the Island of Grand Manan, nine miles, where the print of the Passamaquoddy snow-shoes he was wearing may be seen today.

Ever since Beaver had betrayed to Malsumsis that 'nothing but a flowering rush could kill the Good God,' Glooscap had been no friend of his. Minas Basin was dammed at Cape Split, and the water filled the valley between the North and

the South Mountains of Nova Scotia, farther than Annapolis. Glooscap cut this dam, and another passage at Digby Gut. After the water had rushed away, it left a beaver house at Aylesford high and dry. One beaver tried to get under Indian Island, and so made the holes that are there. It eventually succeeded, and came out near the Narrows. The rock Glooscap threw at it became Little Island. It escaped to a beaver-house in Bras d'Or Lake. Glooscap killed all the beavers and feasted the Indians, after turning the empty house into stone. About one hundred years ago a spring freshet tore up the bones; thigh bones as large as a man's head, and teeth six inches long, for this was in the time when 'beasts were beasts,' and before Glooscap had changed them to their present proportions.

In another hunt, Glooscap killed a beaver, and gave it to Grandmother to cook. He threw away the liver and the gall-bladder and the salt water stone which he had used as the death instrument. These landed near Berwick. The liver and the gall-bladder became two small lakes, but the stone remains as it was.

There are two reasons given for the Boar's Back, or Causeway, which runs from Fort Cumberland to Parrsborough, in the northwest of Nova Scotia: the first, that Glooscap built it for an old woman who wanted to visit Partridge Island; the second, that his people might pass back and forth dry-shod during a winter's encampment near Cape d'Or. In this vicinity are the white rocks that were made from a whale's fat that Glooscap threw to his dogs.

Unfortunately for them, two Indian maidens spied upon Glooscap as he left his Blomidon home to spear eels in Newfoundland. He, who could hear and see everything, turned them into stone. One, during her long, weather-beaten entrance, has fallen; but the other still stands, with beads encircling her neck, looking through a stone window at Chignecto.

Glooscap had two wolf-like dogs, one black and one white (day and night), but he used others for ordinary hunting purposes. At Bar Harbour Maine, may be seen in stone, the bones of a moose he killed, the mark on a stone where he rested his bow and arrow, and the entrails of the moose, where he threw them across the bay, in the process of being eaten by his dogs. Thoreau discovered (although he did not recognize it as such!) a great, fallen moose which had been killed and petrified by Glooscap at the mouth of Moose River, in Maine. Isle Hoit, or Haut Island, in Nova Scotia, is another.

Glooscap let the White Men through Cape Split but they did not realize how they were honoured, nor did they in return do honour to him. Indeed, they set themselves to capture him. Glooscap watched them from afar for a time and, when they actually did succeed in seizing Marten, was thoroughly angered. They tried to use the 'little fellow' for cannon fodder, but when, after firing, they looked into the muzzle, there he sat, as debonnaire as ever, smoking his pipe.

The attempt against Marten, futile as he knew

it to be, was the last straw that broke Glooscap's patience. He prepared a feast at Blomidon and, when all had finished, he overturned his kettle—the kettle in which a scrap of bone could be placed and become enough food for any company—and threw it into the sea where we know it as Spencer's Island. His canoe lies near it, broken, so great was its fall. He turned his dogs into stone, as they sat on their haunches, pleading to be taken with him. Then he ascended the crest of Blomidon, and spoke in the following manner:—

Glooscap (in the Nova Scotian Micmac):
'Nemageechk numeeditch.' (Let the small fish look at me.)

Huge Whale (coming to rest against Blomidon): 'Noojeech, cogoowa pawotumun?' (Little grandson, what is it you wish?)

Glooscap: 'Niskamich.' (Grandfather, I want you to take me across the water to a far distant land in the west.)

In this fashion Glooscap left his people. He is supposed to return occasionally to Cape North in Cape Breton. The door of the lodge is at Cape Dolphin, Big Bras d'Or, and has a natural stone table in front of it, where Indians leave offerings of eels and tobacco today.

When the wolves, his dogs, howl mournfully; and the loons, his messengers, cry their strange, lonely call over the lakes at dusk and dawning, they are praying to Glooscap to come back. The Great Snowy Owl, which went into the deepest forest when he left, and will not come out until he returns, cries in Wabanake, 'Koo-koo-shoos.' 'Oh! I am so sorry! Oh! I am so sorry!'

FRIGORIS

the bare lung-freezing arctic wastes are cold
cold are the unreached peaks that climb
as old as time from tropic plains
their bitter breath too rare
to suffer life
cold too is death
cold hems the earth and heat is but a flaw
in a cosmic scheme where cold is one sure law
the world a mote of dust
and heat its rime
adrift in frozen
corridors of time
above around immeasurable distance bends
bound in the absolute of cold which lends
to polar ice a thrice times
tropic heat in contrast
tossing back the small
conceit of human life
its tiny span to man whose farthest dreams
are numbed before a plan
that makes of suns
their heat
their time their light
a firefly's flicker
in a cool clear night

EDMUND FANCOTT

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

The President of the Poetry Lovers Speaks:

FRRIENDS and fellow-lovers. At this the first meeting of our society you have asked me to speak to you about the aims of our association, which we hope will be long and pleasant as well as inspiring. We are met here to try and share humbly the deep emotions which the words of our great writers arouse in our breasts. And from this communion we hope to draw new strength wherewith to face without terror the harsh sword of intellect which will once more be pointed at us from all sides as soon as we leave this sanctuary of feeling. We live, alas, in an age of mind and machinery, of bustle and business, an age wherein the emotions are denied and the critic rules sovereign in the world of art. My friends, I was a critic myself for many years, I approved and rejected, I mocked and ridiculed and sometimes, superciliously, I praised. Would that I could do penance for the years I spent, tied to the torturing wheels of reason. Reason, that vulgar porter of the soul that is for ever shutting out, and never allows us even a glimpse into the unknown, the seismic currents of the heart. But, my friends, I have seen the light and come through out of darkness. My lesson has been learned—no longer do I try to think, to make up my silly little mind when I stand face to face with a work of art. I chase out reason to the shrieking market-place where she belongs, I open all the floodgates and let whatever deep wave may be summoned by the artist's magic break gently upon the shores of my soul, or drown my very being in its tempestuous flood. In a word, I SURRENDER. I make myself a humble receptacle for beauty, and thus there flashes upon the released screen of my heart the inner meanings of the symbolic words, those profound meanings for which we all long but against which reason used to bar the gates, for reason is a timid thing and small.

My friends, I hope that in this small gathering we are all prepared to RECEIVE in all humility—to annihilate our petty selves for a while, to glance at the fluttering sails that glimmer upon the deepest currents of our being. (*Pause while they all annihilate themselves. Now thoroughly prophetic, he resumes:*) I bring before you tonight as a first offering a small poem, one that I had often repeated without realization before my conversion. It is old, yet ever new, and because of its age we will forgive the author whose name is shrouded in the mists of antiquity, the single indiscretion of one rhyme, for even the greatest among men cannot entirely cast off the shackles of their century.

My friends, let us receive his message . . . I read to you:—

Hey diddle diddle the cat and the fiddle
The cow jumped over the moon
The little dog laughed to see such fun
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

We know that explanation is useless, it is the weapon of those who cannot feel. But perhaps here among ourselves I may be allowed, not to

explain, which God forbid, but to state as humbly as I can the overpowering emotion which, after prolonged contemplation, made me realize the infinitely vast symbolism of those simple, so simple lines. The key to the whole piece is safely hidden from the profane in the second line: '*The cow jumped over the moon*', that is from the quietude of contemplation alone can spring the force, the *élan vital* which will enable us to soar to the divine beyond the gods and goddesses of men, (for the moon, of course, is Hekate, and all that she implies) beyond the borrowed light of cold reason into the region above it where lives the supreme reality which we can feel but cannot understand. Let us now turn back to the beginning. *Hey!* is the cry of a man who pulls himself together, who has come to the parting of the ways and must find the new direction within himself. He feels, as feel he must, that the world as he has known it hitherto is feeble and irrelevant, and his contempt for it finds expression in the murmur: *diddle diddle*. And what is this world? Apart from himself and his fellows there is nothing but nature, living creature and the things of man's own making, nothing but *the cat and the fiddle*. Further, to logic, nature is sly and shifty, and even the greatest art is but a stringed instrument from which no real music comes. Having dismissed that world and reached quietude, he leaps from there, high and deep—the two are equivalent, for what matters is the distance of the leaping perpendicular away from the dullness of horizontality. And when he has accomplished this jump, he will see nature as he never saw it before. There will be joy and fun in his heart my friends, yes fun—was there ever a word more appropriate to describe the cheerful gladness of our deliverance? Nature will no longer appear to us as a sly cat, but as a dog, a faithful companion, and a laughing one. He will project his joy upon all created things, and it will come back to him a hundredfold. Everything will live and run, and even dead things will come to life. And that last line is truly sublime. For thus inspired man will not only reach communion with nature, but he will attain understanding of the supreme unity of things which before was vaguely adumbrated for him in the ecstasy of sexual love. This last, however, is but one manifestation of it, and the unity that is beyond cannot therefore be expressed by what is male and female, though the objects chosen remind us of that stage upon our journey. All things come to life in glorious oneness, and *the dish runs away with the spoon*.

My friends, this magnificent poem has evoked the laughter of children for generations. In happy joy, before 'the gates of the prison house begin to close' perhaps they dimly felt its inner meaning. Perchance the sneers of adults but hide their fear of the devastating emotions that might be let loose but for that sneer.

Let us repeat these words, let us RECEIVE!

G. M. A. GRUBE

Will readers kindly mention THE CANADIAN FORUM when purchasing from our advertisers.

THE GROUP OF SEVEN AND ITS CRITICS

TWO articles in the nature of post mortem pronouncements on the Group of Seven appeared in the January issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM. Both were ostensibly a review of the recent annual exhibition of the group and a number of invited contributors, but in their comments the writers went far afield, one of them giving her readers a brief history and summing up of the Group of Seven movement which ended with the naming of A. Y. Jackson as 'the single survivor'.

One of the most interesting things about the group of seven has been its ability to confound its critics. It has been accused of self-interest, insincerity, self-advertising, intolerance, presumptuousness. And now it is accused of ossification or of 'not having any feeling for the face of our country'. Lawren Harris 'has slowly retired to the sanctuary of an aristocratic spirituality where his understanding and aesthetic appreciation of human values suddenly froze as though under the spell of a magic wand. His voice ceased to speak. His heart ceased to beat; and his mountains and his lakes, and his rocks and his trees, in their cold blue, green or white garment did not seem to live any more.' Arthur Lismer 'woke up one morning to find that he liked the warmth of a cosy shelter in the city better than the rough life in the back woods. His great adventure of love for the Canadian wilderness had been lived'.

'The group of seven perhaps has died with this December exhibition'.

'The paths of the seven have parted perhaps never to cross again'.

These are some phrases and sentences culled *verbatim* from the review of Jehanne Bietry Salinger in the January issue. It will be seen that, not only is the group itself practically given a death sentence, but two of its most prominent members into the bargain. Is the sentence just? If not, before the day of hanging, it becomes the duty of others who saw this December exhibition and who are interested in the fate of the condemned, to speak up. This, and not any desire to enter into a controversy, is my reason for now writing.

If Mrs. Salinger means that the group is no longer to function under the old name there may be, for all I know, some truth in her statement. But when she says that 'the paths of the seven have parted perhaps never to cross again,' she certainly gives the wrong impression. Neither with regard to the members themselves, nor to the main cause for which they have worked since they first came together, have their ways parted. They stand as they have always stood, for a creative Canadian attitude in painting; for the amateur as opposed to the professional spirit, recognizing as they do that professionalism is as bad for art as it is for sport, politics, or religion. They still believe that Canadian painters should draw their inspiration from Canadian environment. They still hold that the North is the most healthy in-

fluence affecting the Canadian painter. They do not, and never have held (although they have been accused of doing so) that members of the group should paint according to a recognized group formula. Each member has always been free and has always tried to go his own way. In what sense then have their paths parted?

The impressions and conclusions drawn by the present writer from the group's December exhibition were very different from those expressed by Mrs. Salinger, although he gladly grants her the right to her opinion. I personally felt that this show exhibited more signs of life than any which has been held in years. If the stimulation of controversial criticism is any criterion, this opinion is justified. Neither in the number of canvases shown by the group, nor in their quality, did I see any signs of an approaching death, particularly in Harris, whose heart, Mrs. Salinger says, has ceased to beat. In an article in THE CANADIAN FORUM (May 1930) she herself pointed out that 'no art can be intelligently interpreted unless the people who created it are analyzed as human beings and something of their character and outlook has been observed and understood'. Her criticism of Harris in the January issue, and for some time past, indicates that this is exactly what she has neglected to do.

Harris has always baffled his critics because they have been incapable or unwilling to follow him, and yet, no Canadian painter has had a more logical development. There are a chain of canvases marking every step of the way from 'Above Lake Superior' to the Arctic pictures shown in the December exhibition. This chain traces the successful effort on the part of Harris to clarify more and more that stern but magnificent mood which he feels and loves in northern Nature and which unfortunately none of his critics have ever contacted. I think he sees this mood in terms of spiritual and human values for which, in spite of what Mrs. Salinger says, he has the keenest appreciation and understanding. One may not like the mood, for it is certainly unfriendly to any cosmopolitan love of comfort and the side of life from which most of the art of Europe springs, but it is a mood which, if grasped and held, will help one to live like gods instead of slaves. This is what Mrs. Salinger describes as 'retiring to the sanctuary of an aristocratic spirituality where his understanding and aesthetic appreciation of human values suddenly froze as though under the spell of a magic wand'. It is quite understandable that she might say this, but when she adds that 'his mountains, lakes, rocks and trees in their cold blue, green or white garment did not seem to live any more', she only confesses either her incapability or unwillingness to follow him.

In her next paragraph Mrs. Salinger criticizes Lismer for (as she thinks) his waning love of the Canadian wilderness; but when Harris proclaims his love for one of the grimmest wildernesses on earth, the arctic; and depicts its spiritual values with a greater power than he has ever shown before, in superbly painted, intensely experienced canvases, she is as scandalized as one of those 'morons' she refers to and tells us that

'his heart has ceased to beat'.

However much one may like or dislike what Harris is doing, it cannot well be gainsaid that he has progressed and is still progressing toward his original objective. I venture to say that as long as his canvases are being exhibited in Canadian galleries, the northern movement in Canadian painting will continue to grow, and many young artists, who have never seen the north, be constrained to go there in search of that which they first contacted in these pictures. Hence, I submit, Harris should be allowed to live a little longer.

Is it true, as Mrs. Salinger says, that 'Lismer woke up one morning to find that he liked the warmth of a cosy shelter in the city better than the rough life in the back woods', and that 'his great adventure of love for the Canadian wilderness has been lived'?

I do not know Lismer's preferences in the matter of living comforts, but it may fairly be pointed out that he has never claimed, and his painting has never shown any special fondness for 'the rough life in the back woods', nor has he ever aimed to be a 'wilderness' painter. Most of Lismer's best work has been done around the Georgian Bay and Quebec, with the gay moods of which he temperamentally synchronizes. True he has done fine canvases in Algoma and on Lake Superior, but the roots of his inspiration were never fastened there. His painting-haunts are not however, 'in the warmth of a cosy shelter in the city'. Last summer they were on the Georgian Bay in the region of Parry Sound, and the year before in the Maritime Provinces, on the Island of Grand Manan, sixty miles off the coast of New Brunswick. The 'pretty coves of Nova Scotia' and 'the leisurely boats on soft beaches' which Mrs. Salinger did not recognize as Lismer's, were done around the seacoast fishing villages. The boats were fishermen's smacks which had weathered the high seas, and the beaches were not those of a cosmopolitan summer resort. It is true that his colours have become softer and more brilliant, and why not? Neither the Group of Seven, nor Lismer, have ever been averse to bright or soft colours when the mood demanded. None of them can use softer, brighter colour than A. Y. Jackson, whom Mrs. Salinger sees as the only remaining survivor. In proportion to the time at his disposal Lismer is doing as much painting and as good work as he has ever done and Mrs. Salinger should spare his head. He contributes a gay, lyrical note to Canadian painting which is reminiscent of the fresh clean breath of a Georgian Bay northwest wind.

Like everything else in this world, the Group of Seven will eventually cease to exist, its members grow old and pass away. But from the evidence it submitted in its December exhibition, I refuse to believe yet that it is on its death-bed. The name may be dropped as it increases the scope of its activities, but the ways of its members have not parted 'never to cross again' and, not yet at any rate, does it seem to have lost its place of leadership in the movement it initiated.

F. B. HOUSSER



AN INTIMATE CORRESPONDENCE

ELLEN TERRY AND BERNARD SHAW, a Correspondence, edited by Christopher St. John with a preface by Bernard Shaw (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xliii, 475; \$6.00).

THE publication of a work by George Bernard Shaw has come to be an unfailing signal for an outburst of howling of one sort or another on the part of the critics and reviewers. With the inevitability of Fate all the old chestnuts about the famous Irishman are trotted out and reiterated *ad nauseam*: Shaw is a self-advertiser; Shaw is no dramatist; Shaw is incapable of emotion; Shaw always has his tongue in his cheek; Shaw doesn't know what love means. Or the critic begins to confide to the forbearing public that, although he once admired Shaw very much as a dramatist, philosopher, and social thinker, he no longer does so, because . . .

The present correspondence between Ellen Terry and Bernard Shaw has been received in the usual fashion. One noble reviewer doubts the statement contained in the publishers' note that 'the letters were evidently written without a thought of their possible publication'. Why in the name of common sense, should he doubt this? Even if G. B. S. were the monster advertiser he is usually thought to be, surely it is not unreasonable to believe that there are odd moments in his life when he is not acting as his own press agent, and that these letters, mostly written on occasions when Shaw was up to his neck in work which would give him all the publicity he desired, were the product of such odd moments!

Another journalist pompously assures the reading public that these are not love letters. Who said they were? Mr. Shaw's reference in his Preface to a 'paper courtship' is obviously intended to steer the blockheads away from the conclusion that here at last G. B. S. was found to be guilty of the same amorous indiscretions to which other men of letters are susceptible, because the words 'love' and 'darling' and 'kiss' are mentioned here and there in the correspondence. Now that the late Frank Harris has extracted from Mr. Shaw a formal statement that the latter was sexually normal and actually had 'love affairs' with women in his day, it is to be hoped that those who write about Shaw will at last come to believe that a sexually potent man, even if he has an extraordinary artistic gift, can master his sexual appetite sufficiently to make it play second role in his life and works.

But such is the nemesis of these controversies, that here I find myself enmeshed in the very howling I so deplore. To come back to the Terry-Shaw correspondence: the ordinary reader who is interested in either of the two correspondents, or in the history of the theatre at the end of

the last century, will find this collection of letters fascinating. There is an excellent Index, which will enable him to pick out the topics that interest him. But it is difficult to conceive of anything so absorbing as to watch that beautiful friendship between two people of genius grow from a timid and stiffly formal exchange of compliments to a real intimacy, in the noblest sense of that word.

Ellen Terry certainly knew Shaw; she appreciated his unimpeachable honesty, not only in matters of business, but in intellectual things as well and in the sphere of art, where integrity is far more rare; she admired his generosity; she shared his humanity. And Shaw knew Sir Henry Irving. The life-long battle which G. B. S. fought against the great actor finds its justification (to say the least) in these letters; for it is evident from them that Irving had no sense for anything in drama but the second-rate and that Shaw's accusation against him of being more illiterate, as far as the drama was concerned, than the most ignorant of his predecessors on the English stage, is fully justified. Ellen Terry, who greatly admired Irving, had few illusions on this score, as we can see from some of her letters. But the gentlemen of the British press who moulded public opinion at the time of Irving's death had no scruples in falsifying Shaw's purely intellectual quarrel with Irving into a personal enmity. They refused to publish Shaw's correction of this falsification, because that would have spoiled a perfectly good sensation. The result was that Irving's family regarded Shaw as 'a most unmitigated Yahoo', and Laurence, Sir Henry's second son, assured Shaw that 'his father was so truly kind hearted that he would willingly have paid my funeral expenses at any time'.

The book is so beautifully printed that it is worth \$6.00 just to be able to turn the pages and admire this fine example of book production.

H. STEINHAUER

SOLID AND DENSE

EDMUND BURKE: A Biography, by Rev. Robert H. Murray (Oxford University Press; pp. viii, 423; \$5.00).

THE time, as Mr. Murray rightly asserts in his preface, is ripe for a new detailed study of the life of Edmund Burke. For so important and influential a figure, the great statesman has received somewhat scanty attention at the hands of modern writers. There is MacCunn's analysis of his philosophy, and there are studies of his life by Morley and Newman. But these books, useful as they are, still leave room for a really comprehensive work which shall make use of the recent material and restate an acceptable interpretation of Burke's career. Such a work Mr. Murray has here endeavoured to provide.

With the best will in the world, I cannot pretend that he has succeeded. If the much-abused 'modern' style of biography were a crime, Mr. Murray would go long unhung. He has nothing of the iconoclast; he has not even the hard clarity of the realist. In a true spirit of Christian sweet-

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Written by

WILLIAM SMITH

Author of "The Evolution of
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ness, he is to Burke's virtues very kind, and to his faults a little blind. I do not mean that he falsifies in any way; he recognizes the unfortunate elements in Burke's career, and makes no attempt to support his stand on the French Revolution or the impeachment of Hastings. Yet even in these matters he somehow manages to seem an apologist whose kindly nature ever yearns to look on the bright side of things. It is generous; it is perhaps even just. But it is, unfortunately, uninteresting.

This is the more to be regretted from the fact that the book is obviously based on a really assiduous study of the available material. In his effort to achieve a fully comprehensive survey, Mr. Murray has delved deep into the documents of the period, and has endeavoured to lay before the reader every bit of information that can possibly be of significance. That, perhaps, is one of his troubles. A faculty of selection is a major requirement in any work of this sort, and this faculty is not exhibited to any notable degree by the author. His aim at comprehensiveness has submerged his sense of proportion, and the significant and the unimportant find themselves, in Burke's own words, 'pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed.'

Nor are his efforts at interpretation more successful. His picture of Burke himself is tolerably clear, but the background against which Burke played his part remains confused and indistinct. The passages in which the author attempts to explain circumstances and motives are discursive rather than enlightening, and the bypaths down which he wanders are frequently obscure as far as any essential connection with the main subject is concerned. The result is a lack of clarity whose end is dullness. Taken sentence by sentence, little fault might be found with the author's style; but pursue it through a single chapter, and the result is a heaviness which even the best efforts of the reader can hardly overcome. One must pay tribute to the value of the material which the author presents, and which will no doubt make the book extremely useful for reference on specific points. But something more is needed for complete success—a clarity and coherence which are lacking in the pages of this book.

EDGAR MCINNIS

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY RUSSIA

THE GOLOVLYOV FAMILY, by M. E. Shchedrin (Saltykov). Introduction by E. Garnett (Allen & Unwin; pp. 336; 7/6).

MR. GARNETT is probably right in saying that this is 'the last of the great Russian novels that has been awaiting translation into English' (though Pushkin's *Yeogeny Oniegin*, a novel in verse, which most Russian critics consider the greatest, as it is the first, of all Russian novels, exists only in an almost inaccessible and very mediocre English version). At all events it is rather surprising that it has had to wait so long for translation; for, though it is hardly to be placed alongside the supreme masterpieces like *Anna Karenina* or *The Brothers Karamozov*, yet it is a very great novel and far superior to many

works of Russian fiction long since available to the English reader. Saltykov's translator was at all events worth waiting for, for she has done a better job than most of those who undertake to present Russian fiction in English dress. Even that *pons asinorum* of the Russian novel, the passages of dialogue and monologue so peculiarly idiomatic in their colloquialism, is negotiated with more dexterity than usual (but when will we get a translator who will do for Russian what the Muirs did for German in their famous version of *Jud Süß*?).

The Golovlyov Family (first published in 1876) is in the great tradition of the Russian novel and bears clear marks of Dostoyevskyan influence, notably in the famous 'repentance' passage which brings it to a moving if slightly sudden close. But in one respect it stands apart from most of the great Russian novels. It is the work of a professional satirist, most of whose production lay in the field of vituperative and topical journalism. In a literature famous for its 'broad nature' and its humanitarian 'pity' Saltykov stands out as a man whose mainspring of creative energy was '*saeva indignatis*'. No doubt the fact *The Golovlyov Family* is practically his only book to survive suggests that in this novel he will be found to have, in large measure, risen above this strident note to the higher realms of Apollonian detachment. On the other hand, the extraordinary somberness of this novel—it justly glories in the reputation of being the gloomiest of all Russian novels—is probably owing to the fact that here the instinctive Russian tragic sense is reinforced by the satirist's love of forcing the note.

The result is that the characterization, instead of being, as usually in Russian fiction, of the Shakespearian type, tends rather towards the manner of Molière or Dickens. The great triumph of the book is the character of Indushka (little Judas), the last of this degenerate family of Russian 'junkers', a portrait that can take its place in world-literature beside those of Tartuffe and Pecksniff. In fact, Saltykov has created a new type of hypocrite in Indushka, the hypocrite who deceives himself, who drugs himself with platitudes and pious sayings. Saltykov becomes almost the peer of Molière in his best passages where, as in *Tartuffe* or *L'Avare*, we are convulsed with a strange agitation that seems compounded of laughter and horror.

But what brings the story into line with its great Russian compeers is the strange epic note that transforms this sordid family chronicle à la Zola into a sort of dreary saga. The sinister old Golovlyov mansion, which Stepan Vladimirovich knew would be his coffin when he returned to live his last days in it, which saw the masterful old mother Arina Petrovna die, then the other son Pavel, then witnessed the slow disintegration of Indushka living in solitude till his actress-niece returned to live her last days in sodden drunkenness with him—this temple of dull bestiality and meaningless piety (it is full of ikon-rooms) seems to symbolize the more remote rural Russia of pre-Revolution days with its strange life half-

patriarchal, half-barbaric, where Byzantine obscurantism mingled with the remains of Scythian barbarism. More than any classical Russian novel it points forward to and justifies the Revolution.

A. F. B. CLARK

SCIENCE AND SCEPTICISM

THE SCIENTIFIC OUTLOOK, by Bertrand Russell (Allen and Unwin; pp. 279; \$2.50).

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL'S profession, that of being nothing if not up-to-date, and seeing that others are kept so, has been the cause of more than one literary ephemeron, and the unqualified admiration which the solid parts of his work suscitates, makes their appearance all the more regrettable. In spite of its up-to-date-ness, *The Scientific Outlook* may be construed as essentially old-fashioned. Beneath the chatty and various superficialities of Russell's book, it is possible to discern the severe lineaments of Thomas Henry Huxley. There is the same fundamental faith in physical law, universal determinism; the same insistence on the primacy of science, that is of a certain set of values, over all other values, and the same belief in the limitless power of scientific technique to transform the environment. Religion, says Russell, taught man's impotence in the face of natural forces; science, the new faith, teaches the impotence of natural forces in face of man's intelligence.

Huxley, it will be said was not a pluralist and pluralism is 'the most fundamental intellectual belief' of the author. Well, first of all, I am not clear why this is an intellectual belief, since no reasons are given for it, and any belief differing from it is constantly termed 'a fairy-tale, embodying a fantasy of wish fulfilment.' 'The Universe,' says the author chattily, 'is all spots and jumps without unity, without continuity, without coherence or orderliness or any of the other properties that governesses love.'

But secondly, in view of an equally fundamental belief, that 'the course of nature is determined by the laws of physics,' it is clear that when he says that the universe is disorderly, he does not mean that it is chaotic, but that it is orderly only from one point of view; it is *not* ordered purposively, with a view to human satisfactions, so from that point of view it is messy; but automatically, when you shift it out of one alternative type of order, it falls into the other, and from the point of view of 'causal laws' the universe of Russell seems nearly as neat as Huxley could demand.

As regards novelties, the main dish, served up in Chs. 4 and 5, is a Jeans-Eddington *farce*, which in certain respects is timely; we need to be warned about the theological deductions of scientists. At the same time it is important to recognize that recent scientific developments have their philosophical implications; if the warning tends to drive us back on Huxley, it has gone too far, and the competence of the scientists at their own business is being to some extent impugned. This seems to happen in the discussion of contingency. The argument for it, it is said, is based on ignor-

ance of the behaviour of atoms, and hence warrants no positive assertion of indetermination. But too clearly the whole question is prejudged. 'To prove that phenomena are not subject to laws is essentially and theoretically impossible.' 'All we can say is that the laws, if any, have not been discovered.' Contingency, in true XIXth century fashion, is defined as provisional ignorance, and so it is absurd to speak of *things* as contingent. But take the case of an electron jumping from one orbit to another, in the older quantum-theory. It does not matter for our purpose whether this is out of date or not; the point is that such a jump may have its law, but it would be nevertheless an event incompatible with the usual laws of molar mechanics.

Contingency, in that case would mean that you have to have a specific set of laws for molecular physics, that such a physics constitutes a new level of things, and that an event taking place in it is 'illegal' (or contingent) with respect to a lower level, e.g., violates the laws of ordinary mechanics. Much of the interesting work in recent science seems to have gone toward substantiating such a hierarchy of levels, and when I accuse our author of being a crypto-Huxleian I mean that he evinces, plainly but unconsciously (I have no doubt that he would flatly deny the charge) a hankering after the dogmatic certainties of XIXth century mechanistic Naturalism, where all planes are collapsed into one. Very strange in a professed sceptic and pluralist.

The same remarks would apply to his discussion of the second law of thermodynamics. As

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Eddington and Meyerson point out, this law implies that the passage of time is real and really effective, that things have a history; both statements which have no sense in traditional mechanics. When the fundamental postulate of the latter, conservation, is replaced by postulates of progress or decadence, you have the history of things becoming an object of science, and no history is completely 'rational,' not even that of things.

The main topic of this book is science, in its two aspects as (a) knowledge, (b) technique, and their repercussions upon the social, moral, political and aesthetic sides of life as parties of the second part. The repercussions of (a) are mostly disintegrative; it forms a 'constant threat to social coherence'; while those of (b) have precisely the opposite character (e.g., press, radio, cinema). Science as technique is what creates the dilemma of the modern man. 'To the typically modern mind nothing is interesting for what it is, but only for what it may be made to become.' There is no longer any dominant direction for life, so living has fallen apart into a dust of activities which are really means, pursued as if they were ends. And the more power scientific technique gives us the less we know what to do with it except to breed more power.

But even here, it seems difficult to reconcile some of Mr. Russell's major assertions (my italics):

1. Whatever bad uses science as knowledge may be put to, it is essentially good. 'To lose faith in knowledge is to lose faith in the best of man's capacities. I repeat that the rationalist has a better faith than any of the timid seekers after the childish comforts of a less adult age.' But,

2. 'Science is becoming incompatible with veracity, since *complete veracity tends more and more to complete scientific scepticism* . . . We find that what we believe we believe owing to animal faith, and that it is only our *disbeliefs* that are due to science.' 'Scepticism may be painful and . . . barren but at least it is honest, and an *outcome of the quest for truth*. Perhaps it is a temporary phase, but no real escape is possible by returning to the discarded beliefs of a stupider age.'

Perhaps the real trouble is that Russell will not admit any basis for belief other than science (ultimately I believe in the narrow sense of mechanistic Naturalism). Anything else is a 'fantasy of wish-fulfillment.' But as he honestly admits, this solid basis has a way of shrinking under scrutiny. Undaunted, he continues to pour contempt upon extra-scientific points of view, and forms of belief less adult than Huxley's. And yet, in compensation, he has himself such an extravagant faith in science, that he can talk confidently of the possibility of 'determining whether a child is to be a poet or a biologist or a politician' by making suitable chemical injections into the uterus. This faith is so blindly uncritical, that he can seriously sketch an 'artificial society' in which, among many other wild improbabilities, the guardian-priests are to be able to stifle permanently all individual freedom of thought and make innovating ideas, even in science, impossible.

In the last chapter 'Science and Values'—and by the way, there are values—Russell's better feelings, if I understand him, lead to a complete reversal of the position taken in the earlier part of the work. 'The mystic, the lover and the poet' turn out *also* to be seekers after knowledge; before they were the merest wish-fulfillers. In the ecstasy of contemplation, 'in knowledge of God,' he quotes with approval 'standeth our eternal life.' 'Perhaps the skeleton of things held up by science is a mere phantasm.'

Something called 'genuine good' is introduced at this point, and we are told to subordinate science, particularly as technique, to it. What is it? 'The reader will say: . . . those things which he deeply desires, and which if they existed would give him peace.' A world's championship, perhaps, or the Schneider Cup? The author's commendable modesty is violated in only one passage, which must be quoted. 'When I die, I shall not feel that I have lived in vain. I have seen the earth turn red at evening, the dew sparkling in the morning, and the snow shining under frosty sun. I have smelt rain after drought, and have heard the stormy Atlantic beat upon the granite shores of Cornwall.' Can it be (I do not say it is), but can it be that our author feels a slight nostalgia for the childish comforts of a stupider age? I am not sure that they are not at least as good as this.

H. R. MACCALLUM

NIGHTMARES AND SYMBOLISM

ON THE NIGHTMARE, by Ernest Jones (Hogarth Press; pp. 374; 21/).

THE CRIMINAL, THE JUDGE AND THE PUBLIC, by Frank Alexander and Hugo Staub (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 238; \$2.50).

ONE need be no psychologist to appreciate the important contributions of psychoanalytical work to the study of the human mind, though perhaps only an expert psychologist can fully understand the deep-seated prejudices against psychoanalysis which are often shown in the most unexpected quarters, especially against the Freudian school, to which both these books belong. It is true that psychoanalysts, like all exponents of a new science, are apt to say 'always' when they should say 'often,' and that they seem to take an almost perverse delight in adopting an unpleasant terminology—when for instance every absence wish is called a death-wish, and every desire for mother an incest-wish, there is, it still seems to me, some confusion between the specific and the generic. But those are relatively details; of the immense importance of the parental relationship and of its influence throughout life there can be no doubt.

That the nightmare mostly has a sexual content, Dr. Jones has no difficulty in proving, and that its cause is a mental conflict one may now take as established. He believes that the key to mythology also 'is the knowledge we have gained through psychoanalysis of infantile sexual conflicts,' and from this angle examines the mediaeval beliefs in the Incubus, the Werewolf, the Devil, and Witches and their relation to night-

mare. This, the major part of the book, is absorbingly interesting, and sheds a flood of light upon those fantastic creations of the human brain. There follows a very thorough study of the horse in mythology, wherein that animal is explained as a sexual symbol with a frequency that is at times rather strained, and a study of the MR root in Indo-European languages (Nightmare). The book ends with reflections on the influence of the father-image in its two aspects upon common conceptions of Divinity which are worthy of more earnest consideration than they have received hitherto. All students of symbolism, as well as psychology, will find Dr. Ernest Jones' latest study invaluable, and it ought to be of special interest to theologians.

The Criminal, The Judge and The Public is a study of criminology from the psychoanalytical point of view. The translation, though sound, is not quite fluent, and one regrets the absence of a bibliography (apart from scattered references) which would be useful to the student. The authors successfully maintain that the legal conception of responsibility is quite inadequate and mostly false, since most crimes are due to some form of neurosis or psychic conflict (all sin is disease of the soul, as Plato said long ago). Their presentation and explanation of these psychological bases of crime is clear, simple, and, for the most part though not always in detail, convincing. The book is addressed to the general public, but even so one wonders whether more should not have been taken for granted, for a synopsis of the Freudian position as here given is necessarily dogmatic, at times irritatingly so, and though it is useful as a reminder, it is not likely to make converts. This would have left more room for case-illustrations, of which but a few are given, for these are by far the most effective means of persuasion. That the psychoanalytic method is especially suitable in many criminal cases should be admitted, and any attempt to make our criminal law more humane and less erratic deserves the most careful consideration from those whose business it is to administer it. The last chapter on society's desire for punishment and the psychological background of this desire is especially interesting. Here indeed we are on certain ground, though society probably would not think so.

G. M. A. GRUBE

TALES OF TWO WARS

CATHERINE JOINS UP, by Adrienne Thomas (Elkin Mathews & Marrot; pp. 308; 7/6).

GUESTS OF THE NATION, by Frank O'Connor (Macmillan; pp. 278; \$2.50).

THE mighty stream of war novels, good, bad, and indifferent, has begun to subside a little and it is becoming a trifle easier to distinguish originality from made-to-order compliance with publishers' pressure. It is also becoming possible to classify war novels according to distinctive national type. If prize-giving meant anything at all, then undoubtedly the palm would go to Germany.

Catherine Joins Up, in the American edition, *Katrin Becomes a Soldier*, does not in any way detract from this reviewer's estimate of the great

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worth of German fiction on the subject of the War. It is moreover a highly original piece of work. We have had the War filtered through the consciousness of both soldiers and civilians, but not as yet viewed at this unusual angle. Catherine Lenz, the imaginary authoress of this imaginary diary, is a Jewish girl, born and brought up in Metz. Racially and nationally she can not be said to be either French or German. For three years before the declaration of war,—spatially for half the book—she develops sentimentally and intellectually according to the normal *backfisch* type. Then comes August 1914. When the first German onrush has been hurled back, the French line is established only a few kilometers from Metz and for two years Catherine lives a sort of unreal life of horror in the very roar of gun-fire. She sees war as a canteen-worker on the station platform. War to her means troop-trains west, hospital-trains east, bowls of soup, chocolate, fatigue. Then thinner soup, no more chocolate, her sweetheart's death, her own. 'Oh, Lucien, I was such a fool', she says in the last entry in her diary. 'Why did I want to wait? For what did I want to keep myself? For a bomb from a French flyer?'

In *Guests of the Nation*, a series of fifteen short sketches, which takes its title from the first and grimmest of them all, a young Irish author paints rain-swept, tragic pictures of that relentless guerilla warfare between Republicans and Free Staters which dragged on for months after the signing of the Treaty and which cannot be said to have ended yet. Great refinement and delicacy of style together with a somewhat grim sense of humour are the salient features of this book. For documentary interest these stories compare very favourably with those extraordinary *Tales of the R.I.C.* which appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine* in the early days of the 'Trouble', before the activities of the Black and Tans made the English reader almost ashamed to read anything about Ireland.

FELIX WALTER

AN INTERPRETATION OF DANTE

SHIP WITHOUT SAILS, by Barbara Barclay Carter (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 423; \$2.00).

THE aim of this book is the presentation of Dante in the later years of his life—an interpretation, as faithful as might be, through which the reader, walking in his company, may come to know and understand both Dante himself and his Divine Poem.' Thus Barbara Barclay Carter introduces *Ship Without Sails*. It is a novel, not a biography, and in a preface the author gives her reasons for choosing that form. She has become novelist rather than 'biographer simple' because of the novel's superiority as an interpretative medium. Believing that 'what has truly happened can best be established when creative imagination complements research.' Miss Carter considers the historical novel the best form for such expression, its function 'not to invent, but to interpret and quicken.'

It is the application of this theory which makes

Ship Without Sails a difficult book to discuss. For its author the novel is a means to an end, not an end in itself. In the collection and handling of material her method is that of the biographer: 'Throughout I have sought the greatest possible accuracy of fact. My interpretation of Dante is the result of several years of study of all his work while the material setting has been studied on the spot in the course of a pilgrimage pursued little by little and year by year.' Of the thoroughness of Miss Carter's research the book itself gives ample evidence. It offers a wealth of information upon Dante and his time, fulfilling the author's aim of enabling the reader to know and understand the poet. For all that, it is not a good novel. The very thoroughness of the treatment militates against its effectiveness. To the modern 'biographer simple' imaginative interpretation is by no means forbidden, but that alone does not suffice to make a good novel of the material of a good biography. The novel demands something more in the way of arrangement and treatment of character. It is essentially more selective, and it is just that power of selection that Miss Carter lacks.

The arrangement of material in *Ship Without Sails* is not altogether a happy one. The theme is 'orchestrated in Part I by the vast political movements culminating in the collapse of the ideal of united Christendom before ripening nationality; in Part II by the intellectual background of mediaeval culture and the life of the University of Paris; in Part III becoming dominant and sufficient to itself.' That the theme does not much earlier become dominant and sufficient to itself is perhaps inherent in the nature of the subject, but it impairs the book as a novel. The historical background is too heavy for it, especially in Part I, where the reader's attention should be caught and held. The figure of Dante remains in the background while the author seeks to untangle the threads of one of the most complex periods of history, introducing much unnecessary detail. The reader not already familiar with it is wearied in the effort to keep clear the innumerable historical characters to whom he is introduced. They themselves have a certain monotonous similarity. Though she describes well, Miss Carter has not to a high degree that capacity, so essential to the novelist, for bringing them vividly to life, and which one finds in Merejowski's handling of very similar material in his novel on Leonardo da Vinci. As a biographer, Miss Carter's study would have been less open to criticism; her handling of the novel form has lessened the effectiveness of her material. One lays down *Ship Without Sails* with a feeling of regret that much excellent work has found such an unresponsive medium.

M. A. CAMPBELL



EXPLORATION AND HERESY

THE FATAL RIVER, by Frances Gaither (Henry Holt; pp. 303; \$3.00).

JEAN CAVALIER, by Arthur Page Grubb (George Allen and Unwin; pp. 251; 10/6).

THE MESSIAH OF ISMIR, by Joseph Kastein (Viking Press; pp. 346; \$3.50).

IN *The Fatal River*, Mrs. Gaither tells in a swift, dramatic fashion the story of La Salle's indefatigable search for the Mississippi, the great passion that engrossed all his efforts and activities from the age of twenty-three, and finally brought about his death in a sordid and stupid mutiny. The narrative is rapid and direct, following with sustained interest the almost fanatical passion with which La Salle pursued his great river, circumventing or beating down all manner of opposition, in the Court of France, in the Canadian authorities, among the members of his own expedition. There are few more romantic figures in the early history of North American exploration, and Mrs. Gaither's book is marked by genuine interest and a gift of straightforward narration. The text is illustrated with twelve reproductions of contemporary maps, and based upon a copious bibliography. There is unfortunately no index.

Jean Cavalier, leader of the Protestant insurrection in the Cevennes from 1702 to 1704, is an almost unknown figure, though at one time an ally of the English Crown, and at the end of his life a Major-General and Lieutenant-Governor of Jersey. It is difficult for most historians nowadays to really believe that anyone could, or ever could have, taken religious differences so seriously as to fight about them; but there seems no other adequate explanation of the Camisard revolt. It had its centre in that district of Languedoc where, if the Albigensian heresy had been stamped out, the habit of mind that welcomed and upheld that heresy seems to have lingered, in spite of the whole-hearted devastation of the Northern knights and the half-barbarous allies they drew from Germany. Perhaps some of the same political motives were active in both cases, at least the jealousy of vested feudal interests against the development of a decentralized municipal autonomy, but in both cases the main motivating force for the vast majority of those engaged, seems to have been the religious one. The superior numbers, and dubious faith, of the Northern bruisers crushed the earlier movement so completely that we have no better knowledge of it than we should gain of the early Christians from the writings of Tacitus and Pliny. For the movement headed by Jean Cavalier, we have reasonably full documentation on both sides of the question; sufficient to show Cavalier as a guerilla leader of unusual ability, and even of such broad and statesmanlike views as won the approval even of his opponents. Mr. Grubb's book inclines a little to hero-worship; but on the whole it gives a vivid and well-written account of an extremely interesting episode. There is a contemporary map, and an adequate index.

Sabbatai Zevi, the youthful scholar of Smyrna, who at the critical time of the great Polish mas-

sacres offered himself to the Jewish world as the long-awaited Messiah, left little mark on history, and no better name than that of false prophet and charlatan. Joseph Kastein has given a sympathetic and critical account of the background, the extraordinary life and the inevitable fall of the self-deceived impostor whose only qualifications for the great task he laid on himself were his precocious scholarship and his extravagant vanity and self-confidence. His reconstruction of the state of mind of Europe and the Jewish communities of the seventeenth century is vigorous and convincing, the analysis of the actions and mind of the false Messiah subtle and balanced. It is not a book for everyone, but for the lover of historical curiosities should prove extremely interesting. There is a bibliography and an index.

L. A. MACKAY

CONTRIBUTORS

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F. B. HOUSSEY was at one time Financial Editor of the *Toronto Star*. He is known in the world of painters for his book on the Group of Seven, entitled *A Canadian Art Movement*.

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HERTHA KRAUS' article on social conditions in Germany, her native country, is really part of a letter written to Canadian friends. She is at present directing municipal relief work in Cologne. Last Spring she was German delegate to an international temperance convention held in Toronto.



SHORT NOTICES

THE MESSENGER OF THE SNOW, by Ferdynand Goetel, Preface by G. K. Chesterton (Elkin, Mathews & Marrot; pp. x, 272; 7/6).

The most remarkable feature about this volume is the tendentious blurb by Mr. Chesterton. 'G.K.' may not like it but we must say he reminds us here of Voltaire. For just as he who, in Montesquieu's words, 'persecuted the monks in the spirit of a monk,' could find grist for his anti-clerical mill in such unlikely places as the legend of Oedipus or the colonization of Peru, so Mr. Chesterton in some mysterious way discovers pabulum for his anti-Bolshevik propaganda in this harmless story of adventure 'on the steppes of Central Asia.' It is true that the scene of the action is within the confines of (or, strictly, on the margin of) the Soviet Union, that a Bolshevik official plays a role in it, and that the hero is a fugitive White. But these things are purely accidental; indeed, the book is perhaps unique in dealing with post-war Russia in a purely human and adventurous spirit without a trace of political or economic reference. The book is hardly serious literature at all, rather a sketchily captioned *scenario*. It suggests one of the early nineteenth-century Romantic epics of the Caucasus dressed up in twentieth-century prose. Yet, in a voice based on his capacious diaphragm, Mr. Chesterton utters these portentous sounds concerning it: 'If he (i.e., the hero) is not always the Good Knight, he is always the man who would judge men in the last resort by whether they approximate to being Good Knights; and it is for that reason, passing over any other agreements or disagreements, that I would always offer my pen, for what it is worth, to do honour to the culture and religious loyalty that is still called Poland; against the vast negation and anarchy that was once called Russia.' For many people Mr. Chesterton's pen will be worth less since it wrote those words than before.

A. F. B. C.

SOCIAL POLITICS AND MODERN DEMOCRACIES, by Charles W. Pipkin (Macmillans in Canada; two volumes; pp. 377, 417; \$7.50).

This is a detailed study of social legislation and of the development of the labour movement since about 1900 in two representative modern democracies, Great Britain and France. The present two volumes are a revision and enlargement of the

author's previous work, *The Idea of Social Justice*, published in 1927. The work brings out with great clearness how far the modern state has gone in protecting the worker's standard of living and generally in those directions which are called socialistic. When he is discussing ideas the author tends to be a bit woolly, and the ordinary reader is likely to find the book too loaded with detail to be easy reading. But it gives an admirable and comprehensive account of social legislation and administration in the two countries during this last generation such as cannot be found elsewhere. Here will be found a complete survey of factory acts, housing and town planning acts, old age pension acts, trades boards and minimum wage acts, social insurance acts, and of all the discussion in parliament and in royal commissions which accompanied the passing of the original acts and of their later amendments. The one omission seems to be the subject of primary and secondary education which receives only a few scattered sentences.

F. H. U.

NORTHWARD ON THE NEW FRONTIER, by D. M. Le Bourdais (Graphic Publishers; pp. 311; \$3.50).

This book is an easy, straightforward narrative of a summer spent in Alaska and northern seas, and part of it forms a footnote to the story of Wrangel Island. Early in 1924, Mr. Le Bourdais signed on as press representative with an expedition to be organized by Carl Lomen of Nome. The latter had taken over Vilhjalmur Stefansson's interests in Wrangel and proposed, in the face of Russian threats to claim it for the United States and at the same time relieve Charles Wells and the twelve Eskimos left there in 1923. The start of the relief vessel was delayed until September, and Mr. Le Bourdais spent the interval in moving from one Alaskan village or reindeer station to another, or in hunting walrus along the ice. When the expedition finally set out, ice prevented a landing on Wrangel Island, but Herald Island nearby was visited for water. On the forlorn, shingly tip of that island, the watering party, with Mr. Le Bourdais, discovered the remains of four men lost 10 years before—a party from the crew of one of Stefansson's ships. Thereafter followed violent storms and a nearly-disastrous fire in the engine room, until finally, still barred from his objective and threatened with being frozen in for the winter, the captain

turned back to Nome. They landed there to find that the Russians had reached Wrangel in August, arresting Wells and confiscating his party's catch of furs.

Thus ended the adventure, but Mr. Le Bourdais, despite seasickness, cold, and danger, seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly. His book is not a great contribution to travel literature, but it is fresh and eager and contains some vivid pictures of life in Alaska and on the White Sea. The author supports the views of Stefansson concerning the future importance of our 'Northern Frontier', but his book is not overburdened with propaganda as the preface might lead one to expect. It will be enjoyed by all who feel the fascination of the world's forbidding crest.

H. K. G.

THE FRENCH BOY, by Paul Vaillant-Couturier, translated by Ida Treat (J. B. Lippincott pp. 306; \$2.50).

When a saucy American boy calls his maid names and is impertinent and ugly, the maid goes to her mistress and gives her notice. Monsieur Paul Vaillant-Couturier, the editor of the famous French socialist paper *L'Humanité* tells us that, in his own case, when a boy of seven or eight he dared call the family servant at his parents' country home, 'Dirty rump,' the servant, a peasant woman, pulled him up from the floor, carried him under her arm out in the freshly-plowed field by the house, 'gathered a handful of brown earth mixed with manure' and forced it into his mouth. 'That is the soil, Monsieur Paul, the soil that gives you your bread.' In this manner did Paul Vaillant-Couturier learn his first lesson in human consideration. This book is full of such 'down to earth' observations. Through them, however, there grows the French character, or rather its background. At the lycée 'football was forbidden because you might risk breaking a leg.' Then 'like nearly all his classmates, Paul saw no one but his family outside of school hours. At the close of the school, a parent, a housemaid, or a valet called for each boy and took him home'; not a very free bringing up for the sons of such a democracy. Studying one's lessons as a boy by the weak light of a petroleum lamp and getting covered so often with greasy smoke is one of those inconsequential incidents which have a bearing on history and on the making of a people. This bit of philosophy does come to you as you follow

young Paul's wanderings. With him and his father you visit Paris and its museums on Sunday. You stop before the obelisk to hear ancient history brought into close association with modern history. With the French boy and the scholarly village priest you enter the prehistoric caves and you are slowly initiated into the million details, futile but intimately related to life, which are behind what we know as the French soul and the French culture. From hearing his father speak of Courbet, who was a personal friend of his grand-father, he comes to think of this painter as of a 'family heirloom.' Victor Hugo is hotly discussed between father and son, and is considered by Paul as someone still alive and very friendly. No less a man than Monsieur Romain Rolland is the examiner in literature at Paul's Baccalaureate; 'A long body dressed in black; a long neck in a stiff white collar; and above the collar, a long blond head, a thin colorless face with a sad mouth surmounted by a stubble of close-clipped moustache, and two deep-set eyes, extraordinarily alive.' And the author of *Jean-Christophe* and *Au-Dessus de la mêlée*, in 'a soft voice' congratulates the youth on his knowledge of the works of Mlle. de Scudéry, carrying on the examination in the tone of 'an amiable conversation.'

J. B. S.

BACK FROM THE PLOUGH, by Ward Copley (Elkin, Matthews and Marrot; pp. 298; 7/6).

THUNDER BELOW, by Thomas Rourke (Farbar and Rinehart; pp. 292; \$2.50).

SADO, by William Plomer (The Hogarth Press; pp. 274; 7/6).

Perhaps the best novel on this list is *Thunder Below*, because it accomplishes almost perfectly what it sets out to do. The story, written in the first person, is that of Ken Martin, one of a small group of American engineers, living far from their compatriots in Central America. Ken is in love with Susan, the wife of his blind friend and boss. He gives us an excellent picture, from his own point of view, the style and thought being completely in character from first to last, of work in the office and the field, of individual reactions to the devaluing, lonely life of the group, with their occasionally riotous but ever unsatisfying sprees, and above all of his queerly repressed affection for a queer lady, which is all the more affecting for being unanalyzed and simply told. All those people live, and, we feel, live

just like that, against the background of easy-going natives and beautiful nature.

Mr. Copley, on the other hand, chose a far more ambitious theme, and if his book is inferior to the above, it is only because it falls short of being the really great book that the subject would warrant. Against the historical background of Italy in the mid-nineteenth century he tells the story of James Verney, half Catholic, a priest for fifteen years in Rome, and half Protestant, but never wholly either, not even after he has relinquished his priesthood to marry his first love, from whom he had been parted through misunderstanding and the trickery of others. Though fully aware of intrigue and bribery at the Papal Court, he remains profoundly affected by the fundamental meaning of Rome. His conflict, which is strikingly described, is never solved, and even invades the next generation, and the author can give us criticism without ridicule. *Back From The Plough* is well written, vivid and arresting, and thoroughly worth reading.

Compared with both the above, *Sado* definitely promises more than it is able to perform. The style is pleasant and straightforward, and life in Tokyo is interestingly, if superficially, described. But the conflict of East and West is too big a canvas upon which to paint a rather colourless friendship between a morbid Japanese youth and an ineffective, if artistic, young Englishman. One is left in doubt how far the author is aware of the smallness of his hero and, frankly, I am rather tired of stories about self-conscious young men who are forever digging up their little soul to see how it is growing. Curiously enough, the Asiatics are more convinc-

ing than the Europeans, even allowing for the artificiality of the latter's surroundings.

G. M. A. G.

DOCTOR BARNARDO, Physician, Pioneer, Prophet, by J. Wesley Bready (Allen & Unwin; pp. 271; 7/6).

This book is an enthusiastic appreciation of an extraordinary man. Dr. Barnardo's name has become almost synonymous with child reclamation, but the admirers of his work are perhaps largely ignorant of how perfect an expression he was of the fervid evangelistic movement of the last century. The materialistic, *laissez faire*

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social policies of church and state, which calmly accepted the Industrial Revolution's plague sores of degradation, produced their inevitable reaction in such figures as Wesley and Lord Shaftesbury and organizations such as the Y.M.C.A. and the Salvation Army.

At the forefront of the movement was Barnardo. In early youth a sceptic, shocking his family with quotations from Voltaire, before he was twenty he had experienced an ecstatic 'conversion' and thereafter set about training for the China mission fields. Through a chance meeting with a waif of London's streets, he discovered the thousands of homeless children who lived by their wits or perished in the alleys and courts of the East End. From that day Barnardo's amazing energy was directed towards rescuing as many as was humanly possible of this tragic army. At his death in 1905, he had sheltered, trained, and established in normal life sixty thousand of them.

Dr. Bready's portrait is perhaps one-sided and emphasizes the religious aspect of Barnardo's character at the expense of the wise, practical qualities which brought him success, but the author has been at pains to get his data from original sources—letters, pamphlets, personal memories,—and his book is well documented. What it loses in objectivity, it makes up for by sympathy with the man and his work.

H. K. G.

THE HOUSE OF TEMPTATION, by Veros Carlton (Graphic Publishers; pp. 345; \$2.00).

THE RISE AND FALL OF CAROL BANKS, by Elliott White Springs (Doubleday Doran & Gundy; pp. 307; \$2.50).

About the *House of Temptation*, which deals with life in political circles in Ottawa, I am somewhat perplexed. The author apparently denies any satirical intent, while the publishers unashamedly recommend his book as an identification puzzle. As I am not familiar with political personages, I fear I cannot tell how much amusement may be got out of the puzzle. The whole picture of the official life of our political pundits, however, is both interesting and entertaining. One can only hope, in all sincerity if not in all confidence, that things are not as bad as they are painted. A pure young Western Independent, elected to the Dominion House, comes in contact with the corruption of the East, and also with

two charming women. He falls in love very profoundly with one of them, much older than him, and after she has sacrificed herself nobly if somewhat fatuously, or so it seems to me, he is just about to marry the other when we leave him after reelection. But it is really his first session, with its revelations, trials and minor triumphs, that makes up the story of this pleasant and competent, if somewhat pedestrian, novel.

Incidentally, this is another case where the murder of the publisher's amanuensis by the author should in all justice be classed as self-defense.

As for *Carol Banks*, the war meant nothing to him but 'likker and girls,' which suggests hard drinks and hole-and-corner affairs. Surely a world cataclysm deserves more splendour in debauch. There are indeed a few heroic flights between one drunk and the next, and some of the war stories are good enough yarns, but after peace is declared the hero's only attraction for his readers is a mildly perverse sensual excitement. This no doubt should ensure him a very wide public, for if one were to imagine *The Man Who Knew Coolidge* as a man of letters, this is exactly the kind of work he would perpetrate.

G. M. A. G.

CYPRESS IN MOONLIGHT, by Agnes Mure Mackenzie (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 314; \$2.00).

Cypress in Moonlight is described by its author as 'An Operetta in Prose.' It has five acts, whose musical divisions form the chapters. The analogy extends to content as well as to form. Plot and characterization have an operatic artificiality and vagueness, emotional intensity and picturesque settings making up for lack of probability. The scene is laid in Italy, towards the end of the eighteenth century. A young Scot on the Grand Tour meets a Breton officer at an inn. They make friends, fight a duel, become reconciled, are attacked by bandits, and eventually find themselves at the court of Vallata, where a beautiful lady, cousin of the Breton, languishes in an atmosphere of evil and intrigue. Against her are ranged, for no very good reason, her husband, the rather unconvincing arch-villain, his mother, the terrible Duchess, and an uncanny dwarf who lends the proper touch of mystery.

Against this background the drama is played out to an appropriate climax in poisoning and sword-play. It is all very thin, but one's attention is held to the end. Miss Mackenzie writes

exquisite prose, clear and brittle. She handles her material with a delicate adroitness which does much to conceal its weaknesses. One feels that *Cypress in Moonlight* is the *jeu d'esprit* of an author who can do much bigger things.

M. A. C.

A STUDY OF CONVERSION, by Rev. L. Wyatt Lang (Allen & Unwin; pp. 262; \$3.25).

This is a study of conversion by the case, and well deserves the attention of students of psychology as well as of those whose business is the 'conversion of souls'. From a careful consideration of well-known and outstanding instances of the conversion-process, Mr. Lang succeeds in demonstrating the connection of the crisis with previous experience, and the important part played in it by the self-ideal. There is, perhaps, a tendency to quote the confessions of his subjects at too great a length, as there is also unnecessary relation in many cases of biographical material for the purpose in hand. On the other hand, his sources are extremely valuable for the light they throw on character development and the curious religious phenomena of photism, audition and vision. The fact that Dr. William Brown, Wilde Reader of Mental Philosophy in Oxford, contributes a foreword in which he describes this book as 'an important contribution to the study of the development of Christian personality', should commend it to all who are interested in the subject.

F. J. M.

THE END OF EXTERRITORIALITY IN CHINA, by T. F. Millard (A.B.C. Press, Shanghai; pp. 154).

In his last paragraph, Mr. Millard writes: 'It is hard to imagine that any of the Powers will employ force to retain extraterritoriality. . . .' It would be interesting to know if he has revised that opinion recently.

It is amusing to see how, in all the official notes and proclamations, the successive *de facto* governments of China have claimed to represent a unified country. The exercise of extraterritorial rights has often been accompanied by the most scandalous abuses by some of the Powers, and Mr. Millard does not exaggerate this aspect of the question. He describes very fairly the endless negotiations, and the conditions that caused China to abolish extraterritoriality (as from the end of this year) by a unilateral

declaration.

The book is not particularly well planned, and it is strange to find the late Lord Birkenhead referred to as 'Justice Smith'. The author quotes from a report he made to the Chinese Government in 1930: 'In London I was told confidentially by a high authority that the British Government is willing to end extraterritoriality before very long, but it thinks there ought to be at least two years of peace in China before it is done.' The confidence seems not to have been well placed!

C. A. A.

MARIE LOUISE, Empress of France, Duchess of Parma, by E. M. Oddie (Elkin, Mathews & Marrot; pp. 371; 18/-).

Like most biographers who stand in much the same relation to their subject as a conscientious lawyer does to his client, Miss Oddie makes the most of Marie Louise. Yet even after reading her persuasive presentation one does not feel inclined to disagree with the traditional estimate of Napoleon's second consort. The *Autricienne* was a cypher, a pawn in the political game, seemingly endowed with even less personality than usually fell to the lot of princesses of the House of Habsburg. Placed side by side with Josephine she hardly exists as a human being.

The real hero of this book is that extraordinary product of the Metternich school, Count Neipperg, the second husband of Marie Louise. Miss Oddie's historical treatment of him and of the hitherto semi-legendary figure of the King of Rome makes the book worth while.

Her technique of biography, if it has little of the modern manner about it, has at least few of the defects of the older school. The style is lively with only occasionally an irritating tendency to throw tag ends of *cliché* phrases at the reader in inverted commas. Thus Archduchesses never seem to conceive but one is reminded with something of a simper of 'the inch of mortality stirring within their wombs.'

F. H. W.

CALIGULA, by Dr. Hanns Sachs (Elkin, Mathews & Marrot; pp. 224; 7/6).

The translation of this book, as any paragraph will show, is quite unusually bad; the book itself wordy and not particularly enlightening. The general historical background is shabby and superficial, the account of

Caligula himself awkward and lacking in clearness. The author's view, that Caligula was not so much definitely insane as a weak and unstable character whose mind never grew up, and who sought compensation for his weakness in all manner of extravagances, is probable enough, but is not presented in a very coherent or illuminating fashion. There is little indication of any serious appraisal of sources. It is a pity, for a good book on this subject is badly needed.

L. A. M.

OVER THE GANGPLANK TO SPAIN, by Madge Macbeth (Graphic Publishers; pp. 359; \$2.50).

Nearly everything is wrong with this book. Actual nausea will overwhelm any civilized person at the sight of the hideous casing. The paper, the type, and the make-up could hardly be worse. The insertion of all the photographs in one indigestible mass at the beginning is an absurdity. Nearly everything is wrong with this book except Madge Macbeth's text, which is lively, informative, tolerant, and a distinct contribution to a *genre* which as yet hardly exists in Canada—the literature of travel in foreign countries.

The authoress seems to have understood the Spanish people almost intuitively and she had the good taste to like and respect both Spain and the Spaniards. It is almost an index of character. The only criticism one would be inclined to make of her work is that it smells a little too much at times of the guide-book.

F. H. W.

WAR AND PEACE, by Leo Tolstoy (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 1146; \$1.25).

The Modern Library, in publishing in one volume Constance Garnett's translation of *War and Peace*, have earned the thanks of all serious novel-readers. It would be idle to discuss in detail this book which must find a place in any list of the world's greatest novels, as if it were either new or unknown. It is more to the point to say that it is clearly printed, opens easily, and does not fall apart. The bulk is surprisingly small for the length of the book; yet there is no real annoyance with print showing through from the reverse side of the page. It is an extremely convenient and practical edition of a great book.

L. A. M.

BOOKS RECEIVED

The listing of a book in this column does not preclude a more extended notice in this or subsequent issues.

CANADIAN

THE ROCK OF BABYLON, by Austin Campbell (Graphic; pp. 354; \$2.00).

GREEK COMEDY, by Gilbert Norwood (John W. Luce; pp. vii, 413; \$5.00).

GENERAL

KING CHARLES THE SECOND, by Arthur Bryant (Longmans, Green; pp. xi, 448; \$3.00).

A SHORT HISTORY OF FRENCH PAINTING, by Eric G. Underwood (Oxford University Press; pp. xiii, 356; \$2.35).

LETTERS TO JOHN BULL AND OTHERS, by Robert the Peeler (Williams & Norgate; pp. 139; 2/6 paper, 3/6 cloth).

SOCIETY: ITS STRUCTURE AND CHANGES, by R. M. MacIver (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xvi, 569; \$4.00).

THE WEATHER TREE, by Maristan Chapman (Macmillans in Canada; pp. 298; \$2.50).

GERMANY NOT GUILTY IN 1914, by M. H. Cochran (Stratford; pp. xi, 233; \$2.00).

SLOVAKIA THEN AND NOW, by R. W. Seton-Watson (Allen & Unwin; pp. 356; \$3.75).

DESUGGESTION, by E. Tietjens (Allen & Unwin; pp. 593; \$5.50).

THE BIBLE AND ITS BACKGROUND, by C. H. Dodd (Allen & Unwin; pp. 90; \$.75).

THE LIFE OF ZAMENHOF, by Edmond Privat (Allen & Unwin; pp. 123; \$1.25).

THE NEURAL ENERGY CONSTANT, by John Bostock (Allen & Unwin; pp. xv, 181; \$1.75).

PROPERTY, by Ernest Beaglehole (Allen & Unwin; pp. 327; \$3.25).

THE PROBLEM OF FEDERALISM, with a Preface by Prof. Harold J. Laski (Allen & Unwin, 2 Vols; pp. 1144; \$10.75).

THE WORLD COURT 1921-1931, by Manley O. Hudson (World Peace; pp. 245).

GOETHE: MAN AND POET, by H. W. Nevins (Nisbet; pp. 264; 10/6).

PEACE AND WAR IN ANTIQUITY, by Augustine Fitzgerald (Scholaris Press; pp. 123; 10/6).

A NATURALIST IN BRAZIL, by Konrad Guenther (Allen & Unwin; pp. 399; \$7.25).

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, by Eleanor Walter Thomas (Columbia Press; pp. 229; \$3.00).

THE LAWS OF HUMAN NATURE, by Raymond H. Wheeler (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xiv, 232; \$1.40).

UNPUBLISHED EARLY POEMS, by Alfred Tennyson. Edited by Charles Tennyson (Macmillans in Canada; pp. xiv, 83; \$3.00).

CULTURAL COMPULSIVES

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
Sir: As a constant, and hitherto silent, reader of THE CANADIAN FORUM from its *Rebel* days to the present time, I beg the attention of the editor while I air a store of accumulated grievances. The grievances are only a part of the story obviously, as I have been depending upon THE CANADIAN FORUM almost entirely for several years for critical comment upon Canadian art and politics.

It seems to me that lately a certain change has taken place in the spirit of the publication, at any rate in that portion devoted to politics. Formerly there was a certain air of detachment about the articles. One felt that the writers were sufficiently sophisticated not to lose their balance and sense of humour. It was not apparent that any partisan zeal or rigid ideology inspired the criticisms. Recently, however, irony has tended to give way to a bludgeoning sort of sarcasm and downright abuse which would appear more suitable to the soap-box than to the columns of a journal addressing itself to a cultivated audience. Surely the cause THE CANADIAN FORUM is attempting to serve would be far more effectively furthered by the careful impartial examination of affairs, leaving some of the conclusions at least, to be drawn by its presumably intelligent readers. The surgeon with his scalpel is far more successful than the crusader with his battleaxe in exposing diseased tissues.

For example, Professor Scott's timely article on section 98 of the Criminal Code might possibly have been more effective if it had not been quite so full of moral indignation and had made use of the amusing parallel between present Russian and Canadian practice in these matters. Stalin, of course, would approve of section 98 from a technical point of view. Such provisions are in perfect accord with fascist and communist theory of the art of politics. Professor Scott's article is not singled out for adverse criticism however. It was highly effective and much of it was in the best 'old Forum' manner, as was E. A. F.'s article: 'The Literary Consequences of Section 98.'

F. H. U. presents the best example of the 'old Forum' style—urbane, balanced criticism, with a restrained and highly effective use of irony. Upton Sinclair's article, 'The Permanent Crisis' perhaps typifies the new manner. There can be little objection to



CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
Sir:

THE CANADIAN FORUM occupies a unique place in Canadian life, in that it is the only readable paper of radical views in Canada. There is, of course, the *Queen's Quarterly*, which is at least open-minded, but, frankly, one gets tired waiting for it to be published. It is this uniqueness of THE CANADIAN FORUM which induces me to offer some criticisms of the editorial attitude to Canadian affairs.

Every month you give us an Editorial Column which, always gloomy, sometimes becomes morose. F.H.U. follows with more gloom, enlivened by some good Bennett baiting. After a few months, this becomes tiresome. Mr. Bennett is not a bad man, as one might gather from your paper, but a little fuzzy in the head, like ourselves. Perpetual nagging is liable, in time, to grow so pleasing to the nagger that he would rather dwell on political mistakes than keep his readers informed on constructive Canadian movements in social legislation.

THE CANADIAN FORUM has not been consistent on many points of economic procedure, but seems to enjoy every chance of throwing a brick at our rustic legislators. For example, it is a strong advocate of Free Trade, and also of a planned economy. They are mutually incompatible. Yet the Government's tariff changes are opposed as a whole. Mr. Bennett's dream of a self-supporting, fully industrialized Canada is mocked, while the immense tariff wall and the economic nationalism of Soviet Russia go uncriticized.

If, by the internal development of trade in Canada—external development being at present impossible—we can increase the *per capita* consumption of wealth, it would seem worth while to do it. It is obvious that this cannot be done without a controlled

currency, to free us from Wall Street, combined with a 'Just Price' or 'Social Credits,' control of capital investment, or some such scheme. Nationalization, or Government control, of the Banks is part of any scheme of economic reorganization, but THE CANADIAN FORUM very infrequently mentions the nationalization of the banks, and then only amidst its denunciations of the bankers and St. James Street influences. If the editorial group have thought the matter out from a national point of view, let the readers have the benefit, so that they can spread the ideas. How would the nationalized banks be organized; do you think they could be administered by Ministers of the Crown, by a Board of Commissioners, or a Bureau of Statistics? Let us have concrete proposals to consider. We can think of the criticisms ourselves.

I have taken the case of the Banks because the bankers are abused steadily every month. But the criticism applies also to your attitude on the Constitution and on Unemployment Insurance. There must be a considerable number of readers who, like myself, are incapable of original thought, but who can to some extent analyze concrete proposals, and who have, up to the present, had to be content with destructive criticism. Also, there must be many wavering Liberals, especially at the present time, who could be interested.

Admittedly, it would be preferable to have two papers, but, as this is not possible, I feel that THE CANADIAN FORUM should make a greater effort to supply the need. Undoubtedly the radical cause you have at heart will make no real headway until constructive thinking has laid the foundations. Surely the talent you have at your disposal can provide this.

Yours etc.,

FRANK M. AYKROYD

Westmount, Que.

the occasional inclusion of the work of such professional evangelists, but one hopes that the FORUM will never hand itself over to any group of zealots nor fall under the domination of any 'cultural compulsive,' but will continue with as cool a head as possible to search for the truth, whether or not the result prove compatible with anybody's set of pet ideas.

Just one more complaint. Is the poetry editor of the FORUM too busy to read the contributions carefully? How else could such sophomoric examples of verse as 'Nocturne in a Slum Street' and 'Swell Church' happen to be published? The latter effort especially has several lame lines and an idea so trite that, as a subject for verse, it could appeal only to the most callow of undergraduates. One has no right to demand that genius shine forth from every contribution, but surely there must be some standard required of budding poets before their work is published in THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Yours, etc.,

MORLEY AYEART

AND YET

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,

Sir: I note in the January issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM a letter, strongly condemning a poem entitled 'And Yet,' which appeared in a previous issue. The condemnation, as might be expected, is made on moral grounds, nothing being said of the artistic value, or lack thereof, of the poem. When will people learn to refrain from criticizing art, or attempts at it, from the standpoint of morality, with which it has nothing to do whatsoever?

To me this poem is merely the rumination of a man on his feelings towards a woman who is to him a close companion and friend and for whom he has a strong physical desire. Such an alliance is undoubtedly very common, and many a stable marriage has endured on this basis, and this alone. Your contributor appears to object to the expression of purely physical love, or, as he would say, lust, which emotion is experienced at times by all physically complete individuals beyond the age of puberty. Its existence is a scientific fact, and it is admitted by everyone who has emerged from the Victorian era to have a definite value and place in our emotional life. To object to a moderate expression of it is merely silly.

Yours, etc.,

HOWARD E. HUGGETT

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM,

Sir: I, in turn, wish to express my disapproval of Mr. R. V. Mackenzie. I think Mr. H. R. Pelletier's 'And Yet' one of the finest poems that have appeared in your magazine for months; and if my intentions hadn't gone the way of all intentions I would have sent you my vote of thanks.

It is deplorable that so much of our so-called 'poetry' as acclaimed by the authors' association, still wears a white immaculate bib and that we haven't been able to live down Bliss Carman. To disapprove of this 'fleshy effusion' against the high 'moral standard' of the Canadian people puts me in mind of Huxley's portrayal of 'Burlap.' Perhaps I could recommend *Point Counter Point* to Mr. Mackenzie?

Yours, etc.,

MONA WEISS

ESPERANTO

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
Sir:

Your excellent revue has found its way into the Akron Public Library. I was much interested in the article, 'A World Language,' which appeared in the January issue.

The twenty-third Esperanto congress, held in Crakow, Poland, 1931, was well attended. *The New York Times* printed a very generous notice of it on the front page, which is perhaps the most exclusive place in newspaper print in the world.

Esperanto is receiving much favourable publicity these days. I have clipped out of papers published in Summit County only, over fifteen feet of column in 1931 devoted to Esperanto in particular. Hence a little spice like your article, which contains implications that are known to be inaccurate, is welcome and helpful.

Many broadcasting stations are sending out Esperanto regularly in Europe. 20,000 copies of a text were sold in Japan by radio.

Hoping you will see fit to inform your readers by printing my letter.

Yours etc.,

FENTON STANCLIFF

Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

INCOMPLETE DOCUMENTATION

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM:
Sir:

I feel that the article in your January number, 'The Literary Consequences of Section 98,' by E. A. F., requires comment before it can lay claim to being a truly scholarly contribution to the subject under discussion. So far as I can discover, and I speak under correction, E.A.F. makes no mention of the *Carburendo Hereticois* of Gogo, the 11th century apostate, nor do I trace any reference whatever to the famous *Radioklastes* and the, to my mind, more impressive *Treatise of Whether it is Lawful that Men may Fiddle while our Capital Disappears*, by Ravello Gibolato (d. June 18, 1478 o.s.)

For my own part I am not concerned with the entry into this country of political treatises and accounts of Jeroboam's delinquencies in the first or second millennium after the Creation. Our people can be trusted not to read them. But it does offend me to see the honesty of scholarship traversed and the pages of the CANADIAN FORUM marred by incomplete documentation. A civilization which has replaced independence of thought by dependence on book reviews must guard the sanctity of its bibliographies.

Yours, etc.,

T. W. L. MACDERMOT

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THE GOOD HOPE

FOR the moment, we are not so much interested in whether the Winnipeg Community Players' production of Herman Heijermans' *The Good Hope* was a good one, as whether the play in itself is a good play. To be brief and blunt, we incline to the opinion, and we seem to be almost alone in the matter, that it is a thoroughly bad one. (Here, we politely pause for indignant asterisks!) How Herman Heijermans ever 'made' Little Theatre programmes with this particular piece of dramatic ineptitude is something that would leave us amazed had we not by now almost lost the capacity for being amazed. To reveal its intrinsic emptiness at one stroke it is only necessary to compare it with John Millington Synge's *Riders To The Sea*, a play on a similar subject. In one unforgettable act Synge packs the heartache, the beauty and terror of the sea in a manner that totally eludes Heijermans in his four unduly protracted and dramatically dismal acts. And Synge does it without dragging in stage thunder and wind making machines. This comparison, in our opinion, settles the matter definitely and finally. In striving for realism Heijermans lards the play with a grimness that succeeds only in mildly shocking the reasonably discerning. Grimness overlays the theme like stucco on a tin framework. Its inner and deeper reverberations are never felt. Another fault, although a minor one, is the tiresome reiteration of the theme of capital versus labour. Heijermans' conception of the class struggle might have been breathtaking in the days when Lenin was still driving a street car, but, despite abundant evidence to the contrary, the world has moved since then.

But it is in structure and content that the play is negligible. Three acts of it drove us out into the starlit night. Even the attempts at character

drawing did not ring true. They were descents into pseudo-Gorki depths in an effort to impart a realistic and seafaring flavour. Further, the veneer of realism did not conceal the play's essentially shallow sentimentality.

As for the production by Winnipeg's Little Theatre, it was much better than the play deserved. John Craig was the director. There were some very good individual bits of acting, and some very bad ones. All in all, nothing of the cleansing and purging insisted on by the well-known ancient who should be dragged into any lofty discussion of The Drama such as this.

JOHN HURLEY

AN AMERICAN MELODRAMA

THERE are two men in Hollywood—one possibly now back in New York—who must often wake suddenly in the night and lie writhing in agonies of shame as they think back upon the havoc wrought by their hands upon Dreiser's epic of a weakling. They are Samuel Hoffenstein, he of the keen mind, the unsentimental eye, the unfailing clarity of style, and Josef von Sternberg, he who made *The Case of Lena Smith*, *The Blue Angel*, *Dishonoured*, each with indubitable artistry. Yet now, with a great subject to work upon, they have turned out a stilted, confused, and for the most part conventional melodrama.

Why? . . . Well, it seems to me that the primary reason is the unfortunate fact that only an infinitesimal portion of the great American-Canadian public has had the taste to become fed up with the plethora of spoken words which has deluged the movies since the discovery of the back-screen phonograph.

Now, of all the American novels that I have even heard of, none is less adapted to talkie-izing than *An American Tragedy*. Execrable though the style, the thing itself is essentially an epic poem, and poems, as I have maintained before in these columns, are translatable to the screen only as cinema in the proper sense of the word. The talkie is all

very well for the permanent recording of plays, such as *Old English*, *Holiday*, *Five Star Final*, and for original stories of their essentially prose type. But for poems, the silent is the *only* form. Compare for instance, in this film, the few seconds action before the capsizing of the boat, with the parallel scene in Murnau's *Sunrise*, when the Man intends to drown the Woman. Granting the effectiveness of Roberta's persistency and Clyde's warnings, rising to the hysterical climax, how much more gripping was the pure pantomime of the Woman and the Man, as she realized his intention and he gradually struggled to maintain it. With action you can do *anything*; with words you are always limited.

Again, take the succession of courtroom scenes, which, strangely, has received praise even from those who have damned the film as a whole. Imagine how tremendous these scenes could have been, without undue 'mugging,' had they been done entirely by flashes of the District Attorney, the jurors, the prisoner, his mother. Instead, we have Irving Pickel, a capable actor indeed, and splendid of voice, but behaving as if there were no direction of any kind, ranting and raving without discrimination or restraint. Empty theatrical, and lacking even the freshness which might have made it bearable.

Phillips Holmes as Clyde Griffiths! A green young college graduate, devoid of feeling and of skill, doing his best, but what an utterly wooden best! Why could they not, with an extravagance quite commonplace in Hollywood, have sent to England for Frank Lawton, or at very least to New York for Glenn Hunter? And Sylvia Sidney, darling of a dozen highbrow critics, reciting her few really decent lines, her one saving grace that rare smile of hers! How much superior was Eleanor Boardman, even was James Murray, in Vidor's *The Crowd*, where story treatment was adequate, the medium right, and the direction more than capable.

And this is the story that Eisenstein might have made a movie! Well, as it had to be made a talkie, perhaps we should thank God for his merciful release by the magnanimous Mr. Lasky, who no doubt also wakes suddenly in the night and writhes in agony of soul,—because his great American melodrama has proved a financial flop.

P. A. GARDNER

Will subscribers kindly notify us of any change of address.

DRAMATIC THEORY

THE THEATRE, by J. W. Marriott (George C. Harrap & Co., Ltd., pp. 272; \$1.75).

THE THEORY OF THE DRAMA, by Allardyce Nicoll, M.A. (George C. Harrap & Co., Ltd., pp. 262; \$2.50).

JUDGING from the ground plan of these two books, one would expect them to furnish together a fairly complete survey of drama. The historical outline of *The Theatre* should form an excellent basis for Professor Nicoll's critical treatise. Unfortunately, comparison shows the two books to be on entirely different scales.

Mr. Marriott to a great extent disarms criticism when he explains in his foreword that his book is entirely for young people from 15 to 21; that 'there is nothing in it which the expert does not already know, and for the adult who wishes to read about the finer points of dramatic appreciation there are the books of'—a long list of notable authorities. Judged by his own standard, his book is a fairly adequate outline of the development of the theatre. The arrangement of the material is a little clumsy, involving some unnecessary repetition towards the end; there are one or two irritating, if slight, inaccuracies such as placing characters in the wrong plays; but on the whole the main facts about the theatre have here been collected in a much more accessible and readable form than in an encyclopaedia or dictionary of drama. The most important, because the least hackneyed, section of the book is that dealing with the modern repertory and amateur movement, including two chapters of bald but useful biographical sketches of modern dramatists. Last and foremost there are the illustrations which are copious and excellent, and, by well-placed contrasts, often show much more vividly than the text dramatic development from age to age.

Mr. Marriott writes with a sincere and pleasurable enthusiasm for his task which is very likeable; and there is a personal zest in his description of a play-reading and discussion group, in his comments on play-writing, even in his list of plays. His theories and criticisms, if not original, are in the main, sound. Occasionally, however, he branches out rather disastrously. When we read that 'At nineteen a young man or woman probably enjoys reading *Lorna Doone*, but at twenty-nine *The Forsyte Saga* or *Clayhanger* may make a strong appeal,' we tremble for Mr. Marriott's public.

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We are haunted by a fear that anyone old enough to appreciate a book on the theatre will be too old to appreciate Mr. Marriott.

The Theory of Drama is a much more important work. Although not primarily historical in intention it is in part a brilliant synthesis of all dramatic criticism. As Professor Nicoll himself says, in such a survey 'the comparative method seems indeed an absolute necessity.' He relates and evaluates the important critical *dicta* of the centuries, not in a single sketch, but woven into the framework of his book and his discussion of actual plays. It enables us to have a comprehensive view of the whole, to see what lay behind the theories of such a critic as Aristotle both in his own time and in their later developments, to pick the permanent from the topical, and to apply it in our study of the drama.

Through his discussion of critical theories Professor Nicoll arrives at a consideration of the whole essence of drama. He examines its basis and meaning, re-interprets and demonstrates the use of such important elements as universality and dramatic conventions, and differentiates and discusses the characteristics of particular dramatic forms. He analyzes admirably the difference between wit and humour, pathos and tragedy; and pleads most sensibly for a reform in dramatic phraseology. The Comedy of Romance (Shakespearean) should be called Comedy of Humour; Jonson's Comedy of 'Humours,' Comedy of Satire; the Comedy of Manners should become the Comedy of Wit.

Sentimental Comedy should be included in the category of Tragi-Comedy; while a long felt want would be supplied by a special use of the word 'drama' (in the French sense of 'drame') to designate tragi-comic and realistic forms such as *A Doll's House* and *Strife*. Such a re-definition of terms would do much to clear away the confusion which arises from mere words in a discussion of dramatic theory.

It has been impossible here to do more than touch lightly on one or two high spots in this excellent work. It is, as the author tells us, 'in some respects a revised edition of *An Introduction to Dramatic Theory* published in 1923,' but it has been entirely re-written and greatly enlarged, the chief additions being the section on the theory of drama in general and the section on tragic-comedy. The intention is 'to provide a general guide or introduction to the subject.' In this Professor Nicoll has more than succeeded. We may not agree with all his conclusions, but as he says, 'Criticism, after all, however "scientific" may be its method of approach, can never become one of the exact sciences, and even the most brilliant deductions and the most penetrating appreciations leave much unsaid.' We are left absolute freedom to decide and speak for ourselves, but if in approaching the subject we read *The Theory of Drama* our ideas will be clarified, much dead wood will be cut away, and we shall emerge with a good preliminary grasp of the whole subject. This book should find a place on the shelves of every student and earnest lover of the drama.

PATRICIA GODFREY

To the Right

An illustration of the opposite to the meaning of the word

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But let us have a specific example. Here are two sentences, one written by Cellini, the other by his Grandfather.

Grandfather: "I beat little Benvenuto to stop him telling lies."

Cellini: "My Grandfather beat me when I saw salamander walk out of the fire in order that I might never forget such an extraordinary occurrence."

Most of us will readily agree that Benvenuto Cellini's version is by far the most interesting. It is this intriguing manner of writing that lends such charm and fascination to his famous memoirs written by himself.

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